

CHANDAMAMA

FEBRUARY 1995

Rs. 5.00



Turn to Page
19 for "Adventures
of Ulysses"



PARLE

NOW THE FUN CONTINUES
EVEN AFTER YOUR FAVOURITE POPPINS IS OVER



EXCHANGE YOUR PARLE POPPINS WRAPPERS FOR EXCITING GIFTS

FREE

Prank and Puzzle Kit



in exchange for 20 Parle Poppins

wrappers, Fun Pad and Jungle Book Sticker

in exchange

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Sticker in exchange for 4 Parle Poppins wrappers.

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Contains no fruit juice or pulp.
contains added flavours.

NOW IN NEW FRUIT FLAVOURS

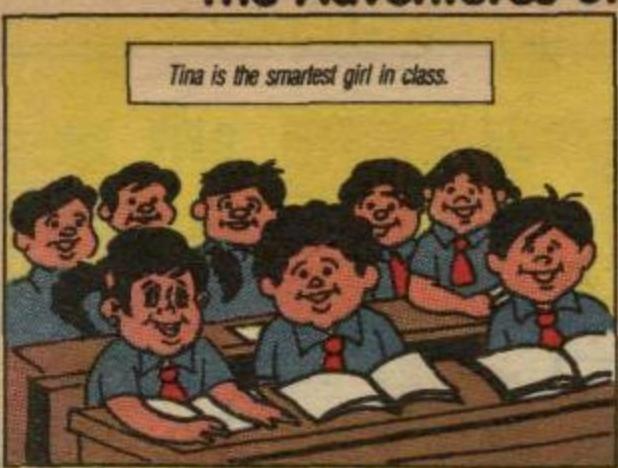
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The Adventures of Tina, the Calcium Kid. "Native Strength"

Tina is the smartest girl in class.



One day... an outing, with the School Nature Club.



It's a long hike through the forests. Teacher names several birds and butterflies along the way.



Suddenly...



They are surrounded.



"Tie them to the stake! Have them ready for the cooking pot tomorrow."



The exciting nature trek has turned into a horrible dream.



But Tina has an idea



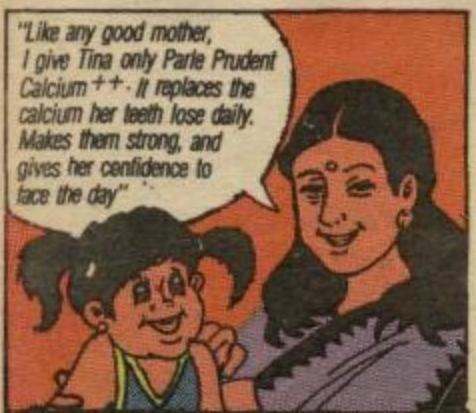
After her own hands are untied...



"Don't thank me, friends. Thank Parle Prudent, for giving me my strength".



"Like any good mother, I give Tina only Parle Prudent Calcium++. It replaces the calcium her teeth lose daily. Makes them strong, and gives her confidence to face the day!"



Exciting Free Gifts!!

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with every Band-Aid
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Dr. Quack

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Pussy

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Hurry!

Start collecting your Funsticks* NOW!

* Perfumed plastic crayons

Rules and Regulations

1. The contest is open to children between 4 and 15 years of age. Only Indian citizens are eligible.
2. Employees of Johnson & Johnson and Ogilvy & Mather and their relatives are politely declined to enter.
3. An individual can send in any number of entries.
4. Each entry must be complete. Incomplete or illegible entries will be considered invalid.
5. The last date for receiving entries is 28th February, 1995. However, the company reserves the right to extend or restrict the closing date.



Enter the **BAND-AID®** Funtest

All you have to do is to paint a strip and answer a few simple questions. And a whole lot of exciting prizes are yours to be won.

Also **1000** Early Bird Prizes
(So send in your entry today!)

Johnson & Johnson



Make it a Funstrip

Use your imagination to make this Band-Aid a Funstrip.

You may colour, draw or write on it to make it a real Funstrip.

Tick the right answer

1. What is the size of a Band-Aid Strip?
 19mm x 72mm 17mm x 70mm 21mm x 74 mm
2. Only Band-Aid Strips from Johnson & Johnson are fully sterilised.
 True False
3. How many Band-Aid Strips (all types) are there in the Band-Aid Funtest Pack?
 20 15 30
4. What is the effective medication on the pad of a Band-Aid called?
 Boric Powder Benzalkonium Chloride Tincture Iodine
5. In India, how many Walt Disney characters have appeared on Band-Aid Strips?
 4 6 2

Name : _____

Date of Birth: _____ Sex : _____

Address : _____

School : _____



6. No entry will be returned.
7. Winners will be informed by post.
8. The decision of the judges will be final & binding.
9. Johnson & Johnson reserves the right to alter, suspend or withdraw the scheme with/without stating any reasons.
10. All entry forms must be mailed by ordinary post to : The Band-Aid Funtest, C/o. DataBasics, P.O. Box 16605, Bombay 400 019





IMMUNIZATION AN ASSURANCE OF GOOD HEALTH TO CHILDREN

VACCINATIONS When and How Many

Age to Start Vaccination	Name of Vaccine	Name of Disease	How Many Times
Birth	BCG	Tuberculosis	Once
6 weeks	Polio	Polio	Three times with intervals of at least one month
6 weeks	DPT	Diphtheria Pertussis (Whooping Cough) Tetanus	Three times with intervals of at least one month
9 months	Measles	Measles	Once

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Pregnant women should get themselves vaccinated against Tetanus (TT) twice—in an interval of at least one month—during the later stages of pregnancy.

HEALTHY CHILD—NATION'S HOPE & PRIDE

Design courtesy : World Health Organisation



Sunday, Piano, Nursery Rhymes
It's Morton for me all the time



MORTON

SWEETS

I Love my Sundays
all the time. It has
Delicious and
Creamy Milk,
Chocolate
Chocolate
and so many
Um m m m m

..... Nursery Rhymes and my Mummy close
been our Family's favourite for years and
yummy in so many
Glucose and Sugar.
and Coconut Cookies,
and Coconut Toffees,
other delicious treats.
Every bite a yummy

to me and Mortons
years.
the goodness of
flavours. All with
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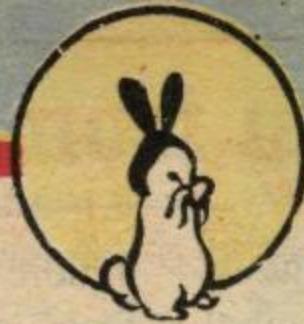
THE STORY OF RAGHAVENDRA : King Veerendra of Kanaka tries his best to reform his son, Raghavendra, so that he would have the welfare of his subjects as his prime responsibility. After he ascends the throne, it is left to his wife, Savitry, to remind him of his father's advice. Raghavendra spends the money he collects from the people as taxes on beautifying his palace. His bosom friend, Kings Chitrasena from the neighbouring kingdom, is aghast when he sees how dirty all of Kanaka is outside the palace. He decides to advise his friend Raghavendra. While they are at a game of chess, a boy reaches the palace with an urgent message for Raghavendra. A mini-serial starts.

FLOPPY: The uncle in the family does not go for work. He is a nature-lover. He brings home a newborn rabbit. The family is in two minds – to keep the rabbit or turn it out. The children solve the problem. This is from the pen of a 13-year-old.

PLUS adventures of ULYSSES, stories from MAHABHARATA, and PANCHATANTRA in captivating colour comics – besides all the regular features.

Printed by B.V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd, 188 N.S.K. Salai, Madras 600 026 (India) and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI on behalf of CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapalani, Madras 600 026 (India). The Stories, articles and designs contained herein are the exclusive property of the publishers and copying or adapting them in any manner will be dealt with according to law.





Founder
CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI

TV AND CHILDREN

Children's general lack of interest in studies and the consequent poor performance in examinations are often attributed to the TV – the long hours they spend in front of what is frequently described as the 'idiot-box' and the influence of some of the programmes on them.

Now, who is to decide how much time they could be allowed to sit before the TV? Or, what programmes they should or should not watch? This responsibility lies with the parents, and nobody else.

A recent survey in Delhi among a little over two hundred families has revealed that 58 per cent of them watch the TV along with the children, whereas in 42 per cent families, the elders go about attending to their chores, while the youngsters remain glued to the TV. In short, the TV takes over the exercise of 'baby-sitting'. Perhaps the parents feel that if they insist on the children attending to their homework or studies, instead of watching the TV, they might be called upon to give the little ones a helping hand!

A more disturbing revelation – apart from the instinct in children to imitate whatever "action" they see on the TV – is that children prefer TV to playing with and meeting their friends outside the school hours. This is definitely not a healthy trend.

One solution to such negative influence of the TV on children is the suggestion to introduce a separate channel for children, as some countries have successfully experimented with, providing an attractive package of programmes that help the growth – both physical and mental – of children.



Wisdom from a boy

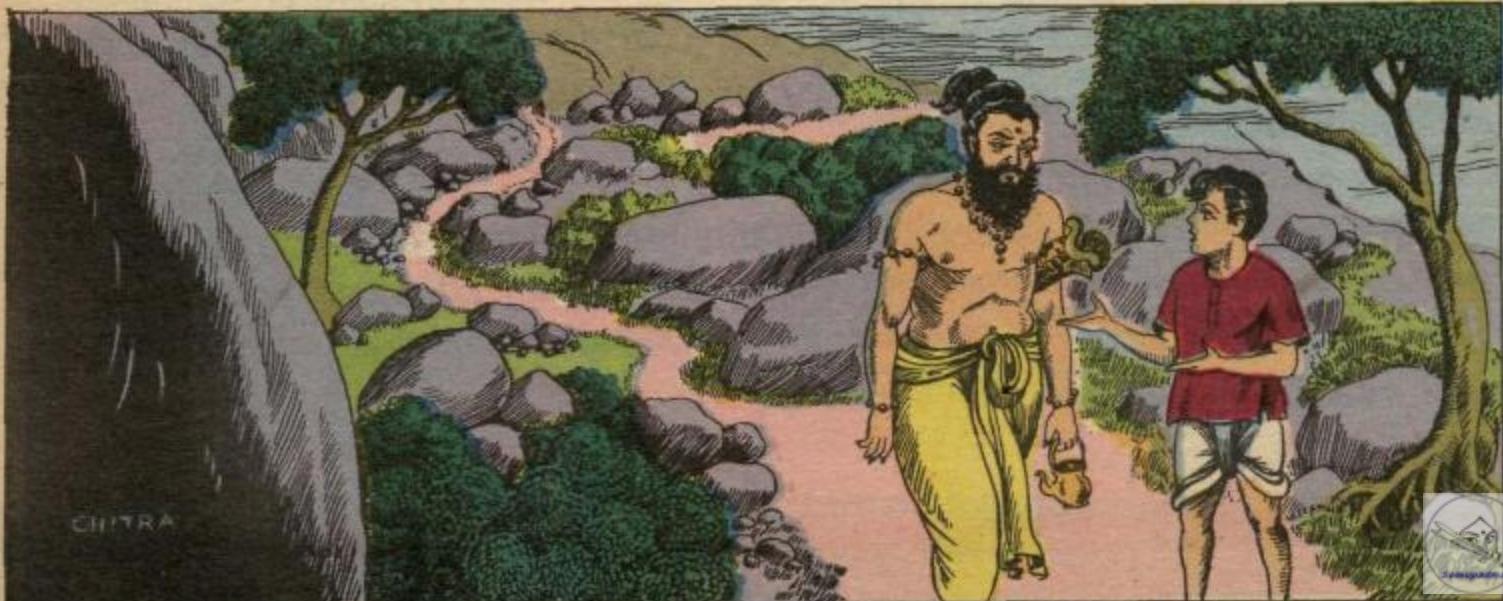
A great sage once lived in the region known as Vindhyaachal. After years of study and meditation, he had come to acquire a lot of powers, some of them uncanny and wonderful. His fame spread far and wide, and people sought his advice whenever they faced problems. Invariably his advice helped them lead a peaceful life.

Every day, someone or another would call on him for counsel. He was puzzled by the kind of problems they brought to him. 'They seem to be so divergent from whatever I have learnt from my studies and enquiries!' the sage wondered. 'It looks as though righteousness has faded away from the earth and only evil thoughts and actions prevail.'

'Wherever I turn, I see only injustice. Does it mean that divinity, heaven, and hell are all imaginary? Are they all meaningless? Unless I know the truth of all this, I won't have any peace of mind.' With such thoughts turning him, he decided that he would go places in search of Truth.

He started on a long journey, carrying his hand-rest and a bowl. He had not travelled far or for many days when a little boy began to keep him company. He was hardly twelve. He smiled at the *muni* and told him that he was also on a long journey. The sage was happy that now he did not have to walk alone and felt that the boy might be of help to him.

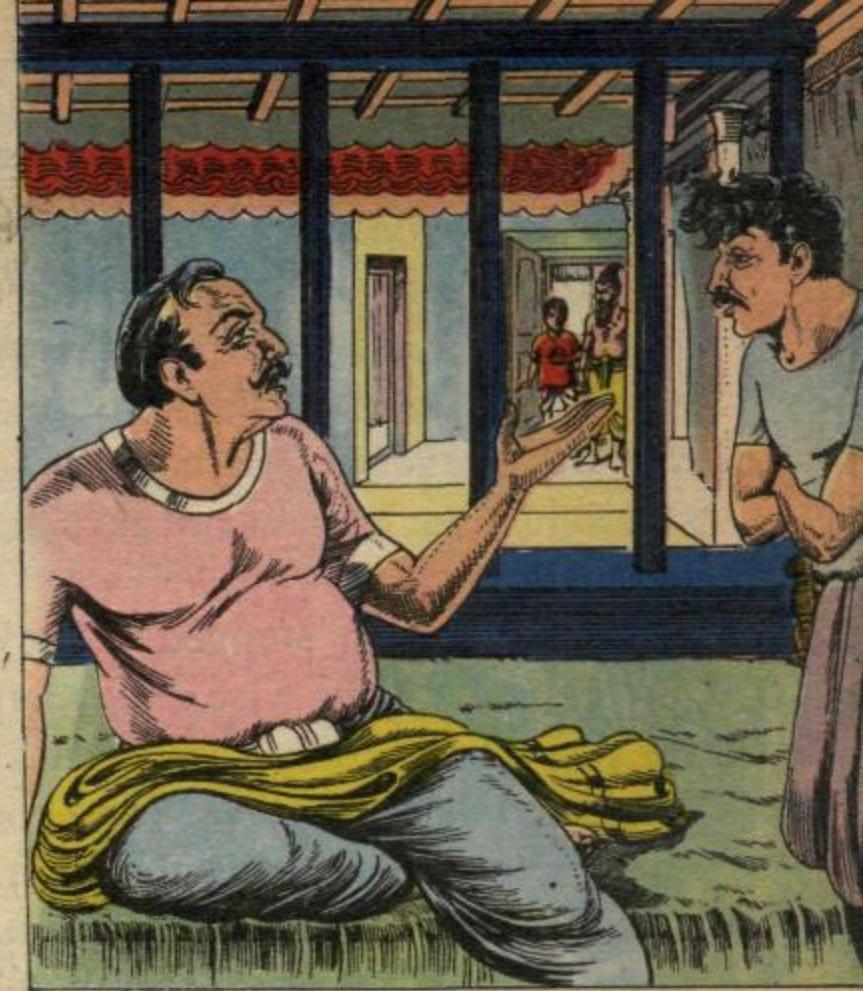
The two reached the outskirts of a village, where the villagers re-



ceived them with reverence and led them to a palatial house in the centre of the village. It was the house of a wealthy merchant. He extended a warm hospitality to them. As they remained talking, the merchant was drawn towards the boy whom he found quite intelligent, besides adventuresome. As they were eating food, the merchant served a sweet dish to the boy in a golden bowl, which he described as his lone proud possession.

That night the sage and the boy stayed with the merchant. Next morning, they took leave of him. Sometime later, it was found that the golden bowl was missing. Everybody suspected that the boy must have taken it. The merchant felt very bad about the loss, but he did not blame the boy and desisted from making any remark against him.

The sage and the boy were caught in a heavy downpour on the way. They saw a light at a distance and hurried to take shelter there. It was a small house. They knocked on the door. A servant came and opened the door. "We're wayfarers and have been caught in the rain. Would you allow us to stay here for the night? God will bless you!" pleaded the sage.



The servant took them inside to his master. He jumped at his servant. "Do you think I'll get any blessings by keeping two strangers here for the night?"

The sage guessed that the man of the house was a miser. Still, he took courage in pleading with him, and sought refuge for the night. It was still raining heavily. The servant, too, pleaded on their behalf. "All right, let them stay for the night," agreed the master, rather reluctantly. "If there is any left over food, let them have it, though I doubt very much if there will be any. You can't depend on anybody these days, so be alert."

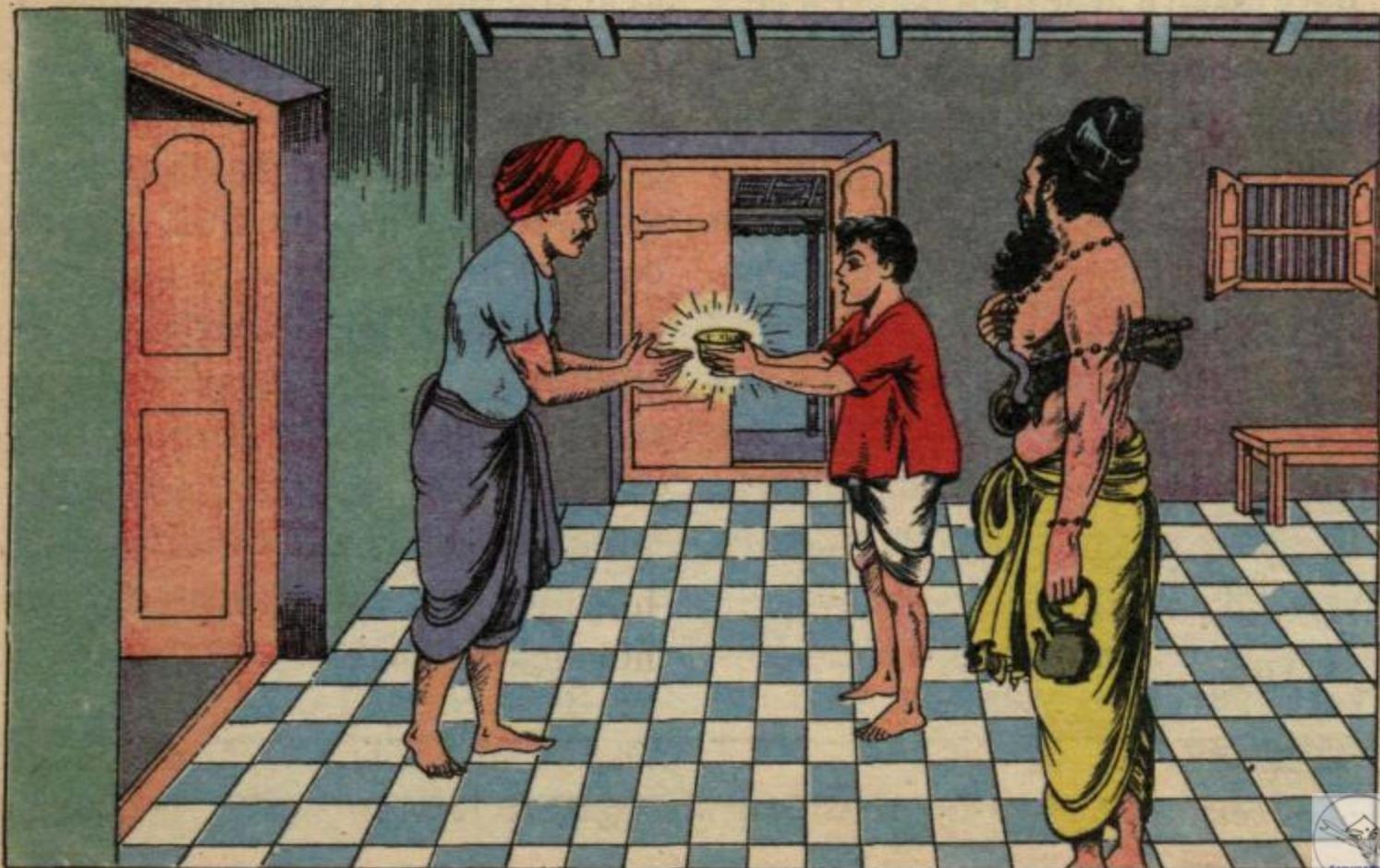


The servant was happy that his master did not turn out whoever he had allowed inside without his permission. Not only that. He had also agreed to their staying overnight and partaking of whatever food was left. He served them the little food that was available. The boy took a small share for himself and gave the rest to the sage.

Soon the rain stopped. They thought it would be wise if they left the place before the servant came and asked them to leave. They got up and moved towards the door, when the servant came into the room. The boy took out the golden bowl from his bag and handed it to the

servant. "You gave us refuge at an untimely hour. You pleaded with your master on our behalf. You also gave us food. We won't forget the help you rendered. It's because of people like you that the world is kept going. What I gave you is just a token of our gratitude. Please thank your master on our behalf."

The boy's gesture surprised the wise sage. He was angry with him, as he had stolen something from one house and made a gift of it at another place, and was thus trying to earn a name. After all, the bowl did not belong to the boy. The muni wanted to punish him, but when he looked at the boy's face, his anger just melted away.





"Are you surprised over my actions, sire?" said the boy, who had noticed the reaction on the face of the sage. "All this is a drama, O wise one! You had a lot of doubts when you started on your journey. I wanted to dispel all those doubts. That merchant who received us is just keeping up appearances so that he can earn some popularity and fame. He is really bankrupt, and his only valuable possession was the golden bowl. Its loss will certainly reform him and he will now try to lead a humble life, and pay back all that he had borrowed from others by toiling hard."

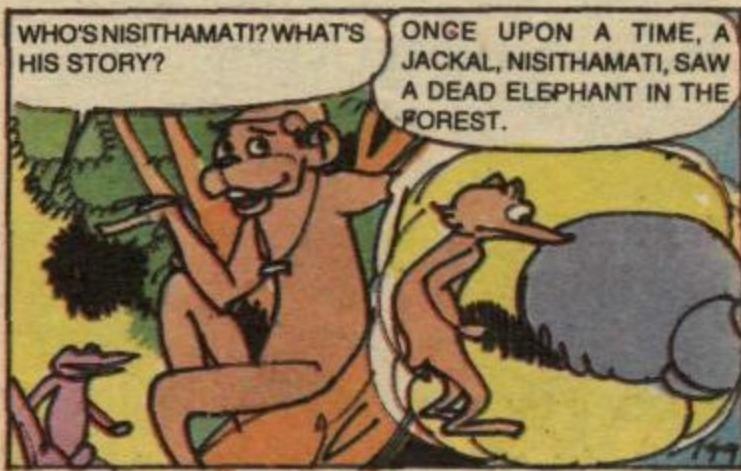
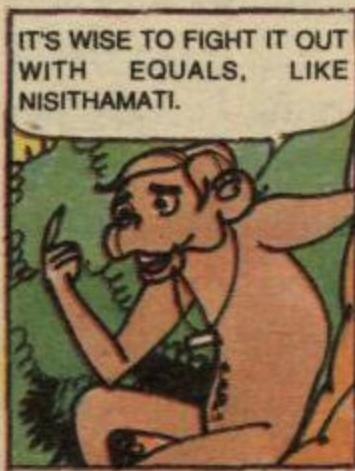
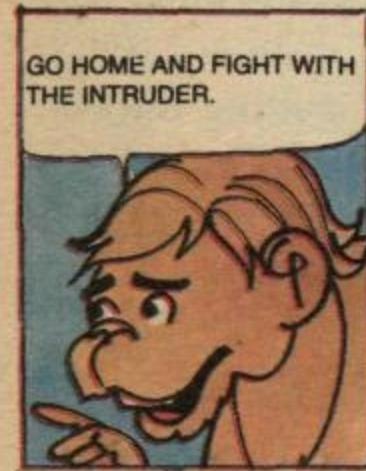
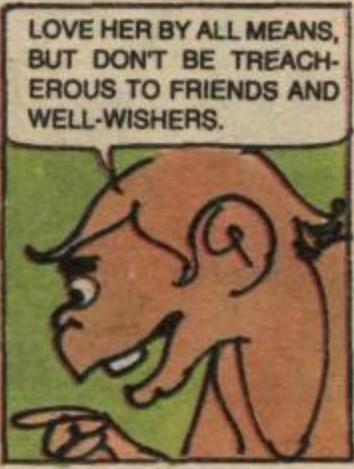
"That's fine, but why did you give away the bowl to a miser?" queried the muni. "You could have given it to someone else who is sincere and obliging, and more deserving."

"That miser knows only to accumulate possessions and not to share them with others," explained the boy. "The bowl will also bring about a change of heart in him, when he knows that he was given a priceless bowl for sharing a little food. He would now wonder, if he were to give away more by way of charity, how much more he stood to gain? He would henceforth come forward to help more and more people."

"You're not any ordinary boy!" remarked the sage, patting him on the back. "All my doubts have been cleared. I can now face the people who come to me with greater confidence."

The muni turned to pat him again. But there was no boy! The sage saw him rise into the skies. True, he was not any ordinary boy.





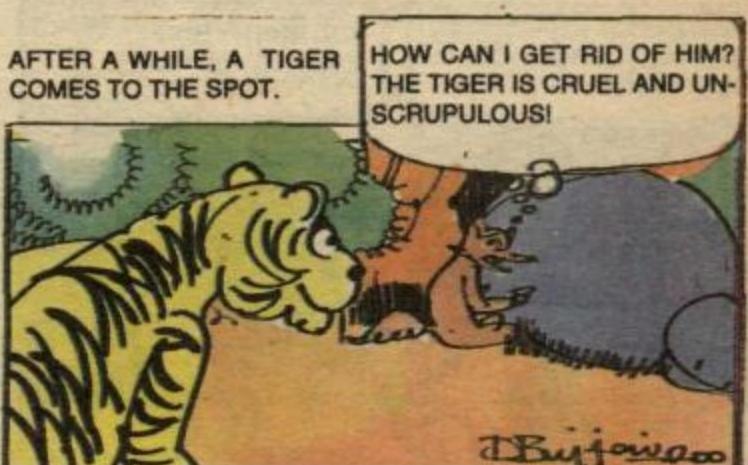
Just as gold is purified by heating in fire, those who have endured the burning of pain, by observing austerities, will shine like gold.



AFTER SOME TIME.... HE TRIES TO BITE IT.

OH! MY GOD! HOW TOUGH HIS SKIN!

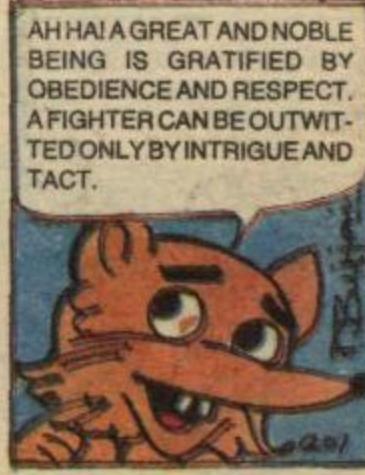
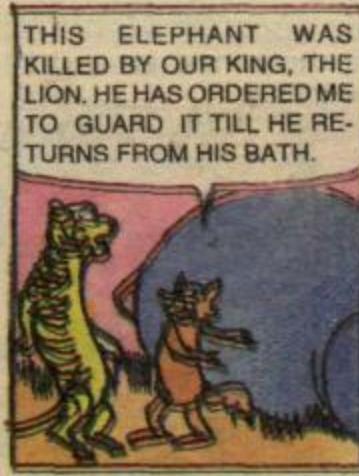
MY TEETH ARE ACHING. CAN'T EVEN TEAR THE SKIN



Those who are acquainted with nothing but fraud will perish in the very commission of such transgression.

-Thirukkural





To choose ignorant men, through partiality, is the height of folly.



AFTER SOME TIME.... A LEOPARD COMES THAT WAY.

MY GOD! A LEOPARD! HE HAS SHARP TEETH.

BUT IT CAN TEAR THE SKIN OF THE ELEPHANT FOR ME!

WELCOME, DEAR FRIEND, TO A SUMPTUOUS SUPPER!



THANK YOU, THANK YOU!

ALION KILLED THIS ELEPHANT. LET'S HAVE A HEARTY MEAL BEFORE HE RETURNS! WILL YOU CUT IT?

COME, COME, START!

AFTER SOME TIME

THE FOOL HAS CUT THE SKIN OF THE ELEPHANT. IT'S TIME I DISPOSED OFF THIS FELLOW!



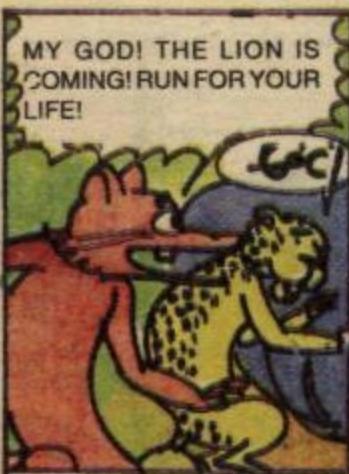
MY GOD! THE LION IS COMING! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

THE LEOPARD RUNS AWAY.

THUS THE CLEVER JACKAL DUPES THE LEOPARD AND SENDS HIM AWAY. HE BEGINS EATING THE ELEPHANT TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT...

.... WHEN A JACKAL COMES THERE.

MY GOD! A JACKAL!



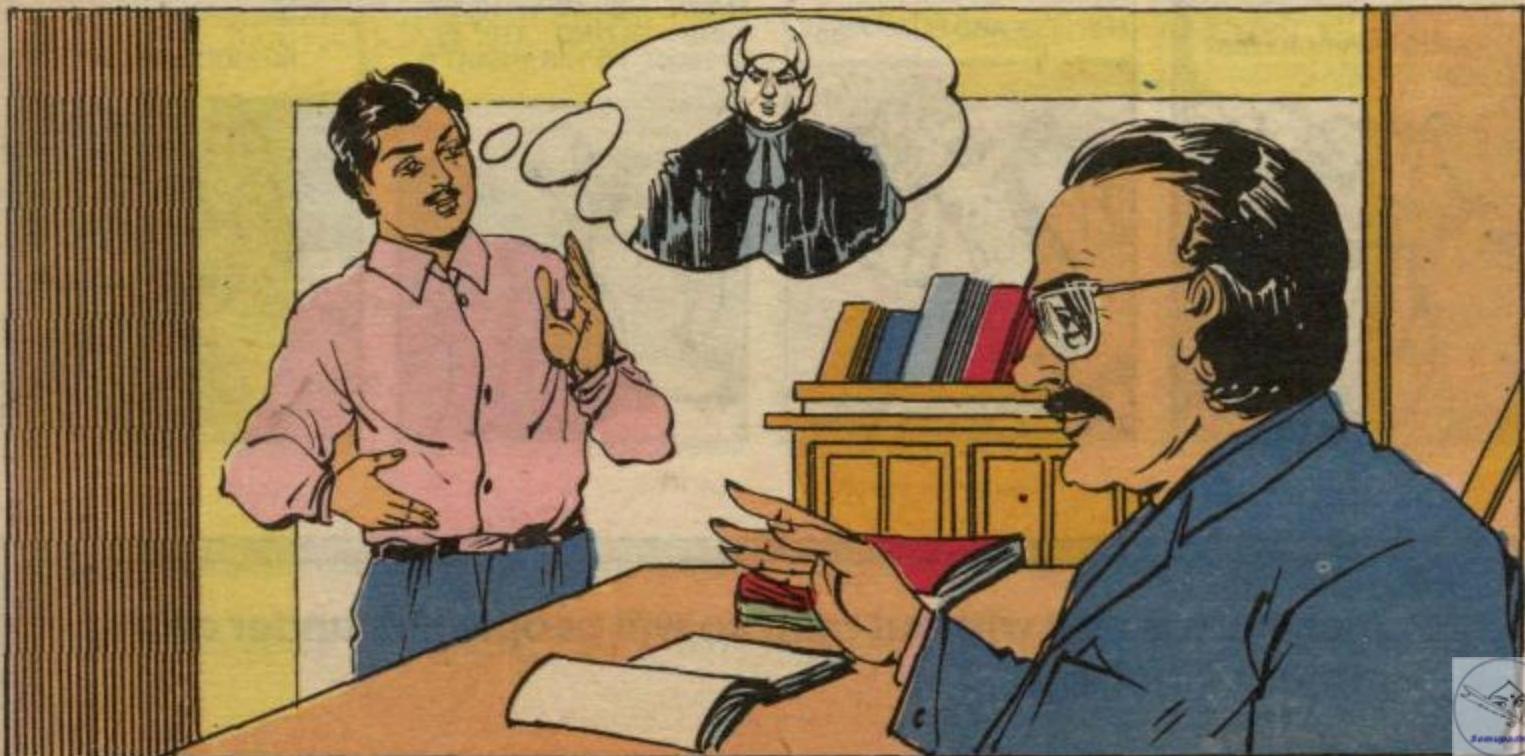
Just like a world without rain, so will people live under a king without kindness.



An advocate for devil?

Anil Kumar Bhargav, of Chandigarh, was persuaded by his friends to stand for election for the post of President of the college union. With reluctance he filed his nomination paper with the Election Officer, who was none other than the English lecturer. He had been asked by the Principal to oversee the election. For reasons best known to him, Anil had a doubt whether his nomination would not be rejected. His close friend Mukesh Agarwal put him at ease, saying he would try to find out his status from the lecturer; but he would not commit himself one way or the other. Mukesh approached the lecturer a second time, when he merely said, "I'm awaiting an answer from the devil's advocate." He would not elaborate. When Mukesh conveyed this to Anil, both stared at each other. What did the English lecturer mean? The expression *devil's advocate* has its origin in the Pope referring a name he is considering for canonisation, to the advocate in the Papal court. He makes all enquiries about the person to ascertain whether there can be any objection to the proposal to confer sainthood on him. He is the devil's advocate who looks into all acts of omission and commission that the person might have done.

Selvanayaki, of Mayiladuthurai, wants to know whether anyone can talk through his or her hat even if the person is not actually wearing a hat! When you talk aimlessly or talk at random, you don't need to put on a hat. *To talk through one's hat* is an idiomatic expression.





ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES

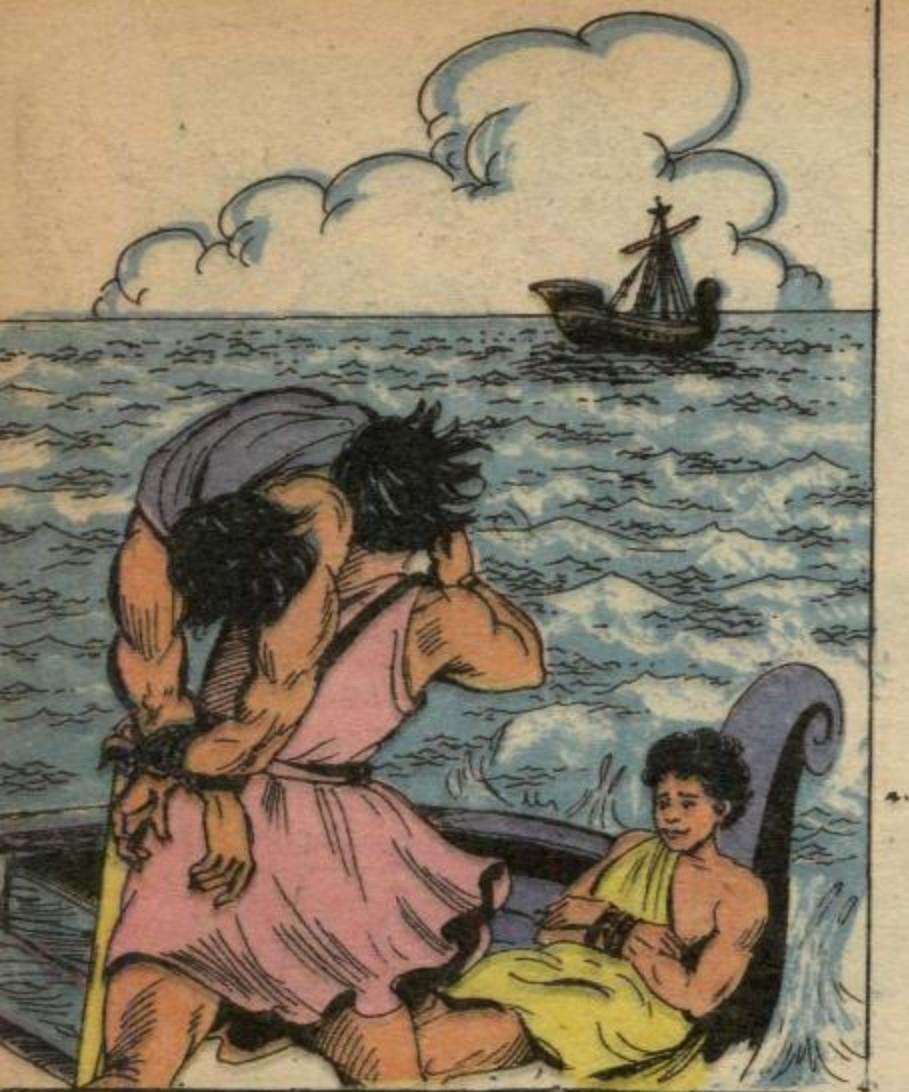
(Prince Paris led the beautiful Helen to Troy. A large number of Greek princes and their soldiers attacked Troy. The war continued for nine long years. At last Troy was destroyed; Helen was restored to her husband Menelaus.)

Leaving the burning Troy behind, the Greek ships now set sail for their land. For a day or two, the entire fleet of ships sailed together. But a few were more anxious to reach home than the others, while some ships were swifter than the others. Soon, the fleet broke into groups of ships.

Their voyage, to begin with, was smooth. But a terrible wind broke out after a few days and the ships

were driven in different directions, like dry leaves.

Ulysses commanded an excellent ship. Luckily, it managed to come out of the sphere of storm and reached an unknown island. The people of the island were gentle and kind. But soon a strange fact came to light. In their lakes, they grew a kind of lotus and its fruit were extremely delicious. Whoever ate one, was unable to check his temptation to eat



more. The companions of Ulysses began eating the lotus fruit with much relish. But as they ate them, they forgot everything. They did not know how they came there, from where they came, what their destination was. Alas, they could not remember even their names! They would like to dwell on that island forever.

Ulysses shouted at them and tried to inspire in them love for their homes, for their wives and children. But they did not remember a thing. His words meant nothing to them.

So, Ulysses physically lifted them one by one and dumped them on his ship. He had, of course, some men in

the ship who had not eaten the fruit of forgetfulness. With their help, he hurriedly left the island. Memory returned to his men by and by.

But a far greater danger awaited them. The next island they came to was also unknown to them. Ulysses and twelve of his men stepped onto the shore and walked surveying it. It was full of mountains. Flocks of healthy sheep grazed in the fields at the foot of the hills. They soon saw a cave and entered it. There were basketful of excellent cheese and bowls of milk.

"Let's carry a few cheese baskets and some lambs to our ship," proposed one of the companions of Ulysses.

"Oh no!" disagreed Ulysses. "Let's wait for the owner of these stuff. He'll understand that we're strangers who need help. He might pass on as gifts some of his cheese and lambs."

Soon the owner returned, driving his sheep into the cave. He pushed a huge stone towards the opening of the cave and closed it. Ulysses understood that not even a hundred strong men could move that stone even a wee bit.

The cave-dweller kindled a fire. Who would not be terrified at his



sight? He was a terrible giant. He had only one eye on his forehead. Ulysses had heard about these one-eyed, cruel giants known as Cyclops.

Ulysses and his men stood in a corner of the cave. As soon as the Cyclop saw them, he looked happy.

"Noble giant, we're voyagers. We lost our way because of a terrible wind. We're your guests. We hope, you'll treat us well. Gods will be kind to you," said Ulysses, assuming a pleasant tone.

"We Cyclops don't need gods' kindness. We do as we please. And I'll do with you as I please." So saying, the Cyclop dragged two of Ulysses's men and dashed them on the floor and began eating their limbs. It was a ghastly sight. Some of Ulysses's men fainted. All of them were trembling.

The giant fell asleep after a while. Ulysses kept on thinking what to do. An escape from the place was just out of the question unless the giant removed the stone with which he had shut the cave's mouth. Once he opened it, he would also see to it that no prisoner escaped.

They had with them a jarful of wine. Next day, in the morning, the Cyclop woke up. To Ulysses's horror, he picked up two more men and



dashed them on the ground and began chewing them. Ulysses, stomaching all his disgust, offered him the jarful of wine.

The giant tasted it and liked it. He drank up the content of the jar to its last drop. "What is your name?" he asked.

"My name is Noman!" replied Ulysses.

"Good, Noman, good! I'll reward you for the fine drink you gave me. Can you imagine what the reward would be?" asked the giant in a jovial spirit.

"I can imagine that. A good Cyclop that you are, you'll let us go





away," said Ulysses.

"No, of course, not. A good Cyclop that I am, I'll eat you last of all!" he said and ate up two more of his prisoners. By then he was drunk and fell asleep.

Ulysses knew that this was the only chance for their escape. They found a long olive wood, sharp at one end. They heated that pointed end in the fire and carried it near the sleeping giant. They pierced the Cyclop's only eye with all the force at their command.

The Cyclop gave out such a cry that it appeared the cave would collapse. That did not happen, but the

cry attracted some other Cyclops. They gathered in front of the cave and asked, "What happened?"

"Noman has blinded me!" replied the Cyclop.

"If no man has blinded you, that only means that the gods have done so. What can we do?" commented the giants and soon dispersed.

In his maddening anguish, the Cyclop pushed the stone aside and hopped out in the open. But he spread his arms so that his prisoners could not escape.

Ulysses placed each one of his companions between two sheep. When the sheep went out, Cyclop felt them on their sides and was satisfied that they were not his prisoners. After letting all his six surviving companions out, Ulysses himself clung on to the fattest lamb below its belly and went out.

The blind Cyclop was still waiting for his prisoners to come out when Ulysses and his men boarded their ship. While sailing away, Ulysses could not control himself and shouted out, "You fool! If ever anyone asks you who blinded you, tell him that it was Ulysses, the King of Ithaca, who did it!"

Ulysses soon regretted shouting in this manner. Because the Cyclop



turned in the direction from which the voice came. He groped for a moment, then uprooted a huge rock and hurled it towards the ship. The rock fell in the water with a resounding splash. Not only did spurts of water bathe parts of the ship, but also, the giant wave made by the splash between the rock and the

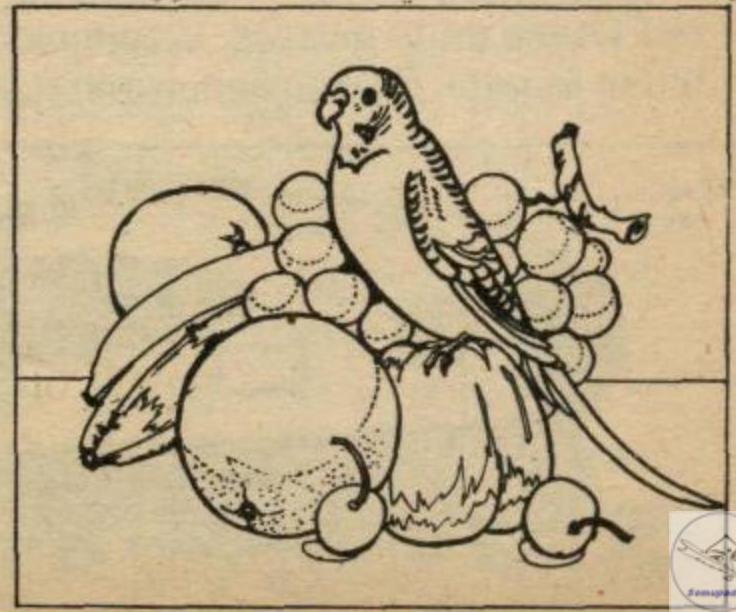
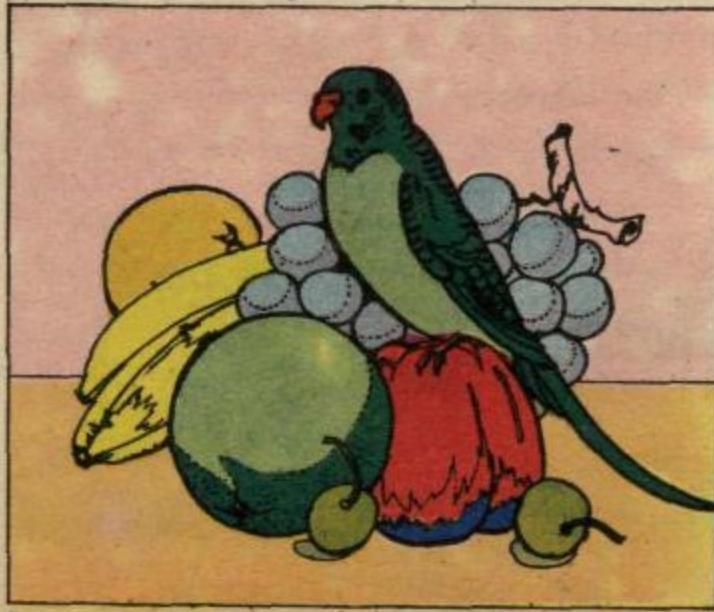
water almost upturned the ship. It escaped narrowly.

The Cyclop kept on cursing Ulysses. He lifted up more rocks and threw them into the sea. But luckily for Ulysses and his men, the ship had gone beyond his range. They rowed on as swiftly as they could.

(To continue)



WONDER WITH COLOURS



NEWS FLASH

you ride it, you feel as if you are sitting on a chair with large-sized wheels that can take you on roads. Each of the three wheels are a little over 60 cm. (16 inches) in diameter. They are capable of mounting kerbs up to 5 cm (6 inches) high and climbing not - very - high slopes. The vehicle is fitted with a 24 volt electric motor and three push buttons. It will go fast or slow, forward or reverse, and has three separate braking systems. It can also be easily dismantled and carried in the boot of a car. Well, well, this ideal mode of transport has been devised for people who have difficulty in walking, and not for children and youngsters who have strong legs for walking and running.

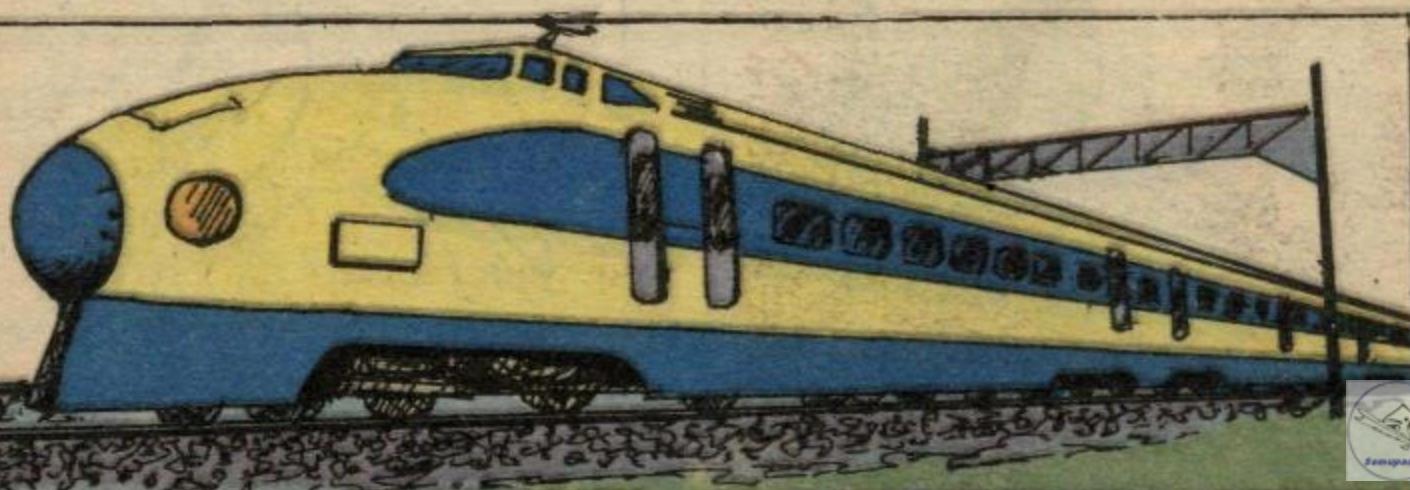
A singing record

A choir made up of college students of Madras, called "Lakshman Shruti", began a recital of old as well as new film songs on December 17, and did not stop singing even after 36 hours. It was an attempt to create a world record, which now awaits recognition by the authorities of the Guinness Book of World Records. What is not known is whether any single member of the audience had remained glued to his or her seat to vouchsafe the musical record.

Fast, yet accident-free

The famous Bullet Train of Japan, called 'Shinkansen', completed 30 years last October with a record of no accidents involving passengers. It was so named because of its bullet - like nose. It began service on October 1, 1964, running between Tokyo and Osaka, 518 km away from the Japanese capital. Its average speed was 220 km per hour, and deservedly earned the epithet 'grandfather of high-speed trains'. Japan has 'retired' many of the original trains, but not the Bullet Train, though a new model was put on rails in 1992. Named "Nozomi", it can reach a maximum speed of 270 km per hour, to reduce the travel time between Tokyo and Osaka by 19 minutes. Unfortunately, the service has *not* been trouble-free, unlike its peer, Shinkansen, which is still going strong.

The latest innovation (not an *invention*) is a scooter with a back rest. When



The Sanyasi's Deceit



Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time; gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You seem to be making untiring efforts and without respite as if you wish to achieve something. I pity you. Instead of enjoying comfortable sleep on a cozy bed, you're still coming after me. You appear to be under the spell of a magician. If that be so, your misery will be untold. You'll not only fail in your mission, but will be left to regret for ever. That's what happened to Prince Jagaveera. Listen to his



story." The vampire then began his narration.

Jayanagar was once ruled by Gajadeva. His son was Jagaveera. The king wished that his son married Princess Tilakavati of the neighbouring kingdom. One day, the prince went on a hunting trip, accompanied by some soldiers. Jagaveera hunted till noon and wanted to rest for a while before he went after more animals. He sought the shade of a huge banyan tree and was resting when he heard the muffled cries of someone injured or in agony. He walked to where he had heard the cries come from.

He was led to the mouth of a cave. He now heard the cries distinctly. He drew his sword and cautiously went inside the cave. There he saw an old *sanyasi*, who appeared to have recognised the prince. "Jagaveera! You've come at the right time," said the frail-looking *sanyasi*. "I shall die soon. I possess a lot of magical powers and was looking for a proper person to pass on all my knowledge before I died. Like, I can interchange souls. Listen to me carefully, you might benefit from it." He then chanted a *mantra* and asked Jagaveera to repeat it after him. "Now let's try it out. You must chant it three times when your soul will leave your body. I shall also chant it and when my soul comes out, your soul will enter my body, and my soul will get into your body."

Jagaveera hesitated for a while, but when he heard the *sanyasi* chanting the *mantra*, he also did likewise. Soon, his soul entered the body of the *sanyasi*, whose soul now took its place in the young prince's body. Jagaveera waited for some time, not being very sure of what would happen next. "Sire! Please leave my body and give me back my soul!" he said, with great reverence for the *sanyasi*.



"Jagaveera! I never thought you would be so foolish!" said the sanyasi, now enjoying the comforts of a young body, strong and virile. "From now on, I am the Prince! I shall go and marry Princess Tilakavati and succeed your father, King Gajadeva. How can you now expect me to return your soul? You are now fated to live the life of an old sanyasi. Ha! Ha!" The sanyasi-turned-prince now briskly walked out of the cave.

Jagaveera realised that he had been squarely cheated by the sanyasi. He slowly came out and saw the sanyasi mounting his horse and then galloping away towards the capital, accompanied by the soldiers. Jagaveera, looking like an old and haggard sanyasi, wended his way to the capital.

He could not walk for long. He felt dead tired. He went and sat beneath a tree and rested for a while. He then looked around and saw a dead peacock. Suddenly a thought occurred to him. Should he not chant the mantra again and enter the body of the peacock and then go to the palace? He thought for some time and then abandoned the idea. He got up when he heard the sound of a horse trotting up the way.



It was a wayfarer. Jagaveera stopped the man and requested him to take him to the capital as he was unable to walk. The man took pity on the old sanyasi, and asked him to get on to his horse. They then rode to the capital. He left the sanyasi at the outskirts, as his destination was further away.

Jagaveera sat by the wayside for some time. Before long, some people came there carrying a dead body. They were on their way to the cremation ground. Overcome by grief, they lowered the body on the ground and sat down wailing. The body was that of a young man. Jagaveera did





not think twice. He chanted the mantra and in no time his soul entered the young man's body.

His relatives could not believe their eyes when they saw the young man getting up and wiping his eyes as if he was just waking up from a long sleep. "What's this! The dumb Lokenath is not dead? It must be his ghost!" they cried out in fear, and ran away from the place.

Jagaveera now knew that he had entered the body of a dumb young man. He was sad, but soon felt hopeful when he saw that he was wearing a gold ring which, he thought, might be of useful. He

briskly walked up to the market, sold the ring and bought some fresh clothes. He put them on and proceeded to the neighbouring kingdom where Tilakavati's father was king.

As he was unable to speak, he had to tell the palace guards by signs that he wished to meet the king. They could not understand him well, but realised that it was something serious and urgent. So, they took him to the king.

King Martand was right then talking to the royal astrologer, Gnana-mani. Jagaveera told them through signs how he was cheated by a sanyasi. The king did not understand much of it, but the royal astrologer could guess what the young man was trying to convey, and he explained everything to the king.

Martand sympathised with the dumb youth and immediately sent a letter to his neighbour, King Gajadeva. The King of Jayanagar was shocked when he read his friend's letter. He wanted to punish the sanyasi for cheating his son, the prince. He summoned his soldiers. "There is someone masquerading as Jayaveera. He is not the real prince, only a fake, a sanyasi who has managed to reach here using some



magic. Get hold of him and keep him in prison!"

The fake prince happened to hear of the king's orders. He told the soldiers, "My father is mentally deranged. Lock him up in his chambers! I shall see how best he can be cured."

The messenger who had taken the letter from King Martand was still in Jayanagar and he came to know of the developments. He rushed back and told Martand how King Gajadeva and his son were being cheated by a sanyasi. Martand decided that he would do everything possible to help his friend and son and save the kingdom. He got ready his army for an attack against Jayanagar if the need arose.

Fortunately for everybody, the dream of the fake prince did not materialise, for, he was bitten by a snake while sleeping. Gajadeva was soon released from prison. He had announcements made all over the kingdom about the real prince who was going about as a dumb.

Meanwhile, Jagaveera carrying the soul of the dumb Lokenath reached Jayanagar. When people recognised him, word was sent to King Gajadeva who rushed out of the palace to receive him. He was



brought to the palace and taken to his room, where he saw the dead body of the sanyasi wearing his own princely robes. He made signs that the body be cremated.

The vampire ended his narration and turned to Vikramaditya. "O King! Don't you think that Prince Jagaveera was indulging in all useless activities right from the beginning? He shouldn't have agreed to the sanyasi's proposition to exchange soul. For another, he could have entered the body of the peacock and come to the palace and revealed everything to his father, the king. Instead of that he decided to enter



the body of a dumb youth. Was he right in doing so? Wasn't he foolish in ordering the cremation of the body of the fake prince? He knew the mantra with which he had entered the body of the sanyasi first and then the dumb youth. Why then didn't he use the same mantra and retrieve his soul from the body of the fake prince? Would it be that he had forgotten the mantra by then? If you know the answers, and yet decide to keep silent, beware, your head will be blown to pieces!"

As usual, Vikramaditya had ready answers. "Prince Jagaveera was an intelligent young man. That's why all along he was calm and didn't get perturbed. If he had entered the body of the peacock, he wouldn't have been able to communicate with human beings. He was wise in entering the body of the dumb youth. Till then he had taken the figure of the sanyasi, and if he had gone to the

palace like that, he knew he would have been put to death by the fake prince, or even by his father. That's why he chose the body of a youth, though at that time he was not aware that Lokenath was a dumb. He hadn't forgotten the mantra, but being dumb he was unable to chant! It was, therefore, impossible to re-enter the body of the sanyasi who had assumed his figure, that of the prince. That's why he ordered its cremation. Whatever his actions were, they were all done with intelligence and after careful thinking. He wanted to help everybody and was unconcerned about his own welfare. The only foolish thing that happened to the prince was that he allowed himself to be cheated by the sanyasi."

The vampire realised that the king had been too smart for him. He flew back to the ancient tree, carrying the corpse with him. Vikramaditya drew his sword and went after the vampire.



WHO WAS WRONG?

Sivananda was a learned man of Sivapuri. Several poets of the place used to send him their compositions for his opinion. The promising ones always received praise and encouragement from him. Poet laureate Achuthananda, however, had only scorn for them. He went about claiming that he was the only learned man in the kingdom.

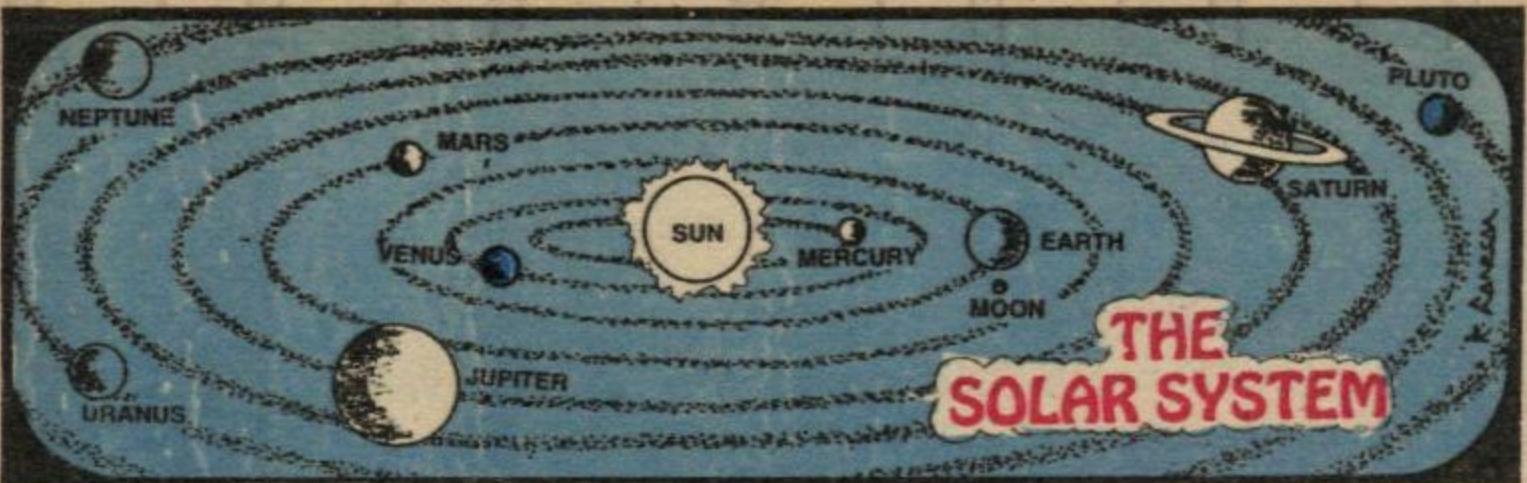
Whenever people mentioned Achuthananda to Sivananda, he would tell them that the poet laureate was a learned man. Achuthananda was aware of this, but he would always describe Sivananda as an unlettered person.

The king came to know of this and one day, he sent for Sivananda. "It's all right that you praise Achuthananda, but why is it that he doesn't have a good word about you?"

"Though we hold differing views about people's writings," explained Sivananda, "we were under the impression that what we think about each other was correct. Now, I find that I was wrong in my belief."

Achuthananda, who was listening to the conversation between the king and Sivananda, could only hang his head in shame.





THE LAST THREE : BUT NOT THE LEAST

The three remaining planets of the system are Mercury, Venus, and Pluto.

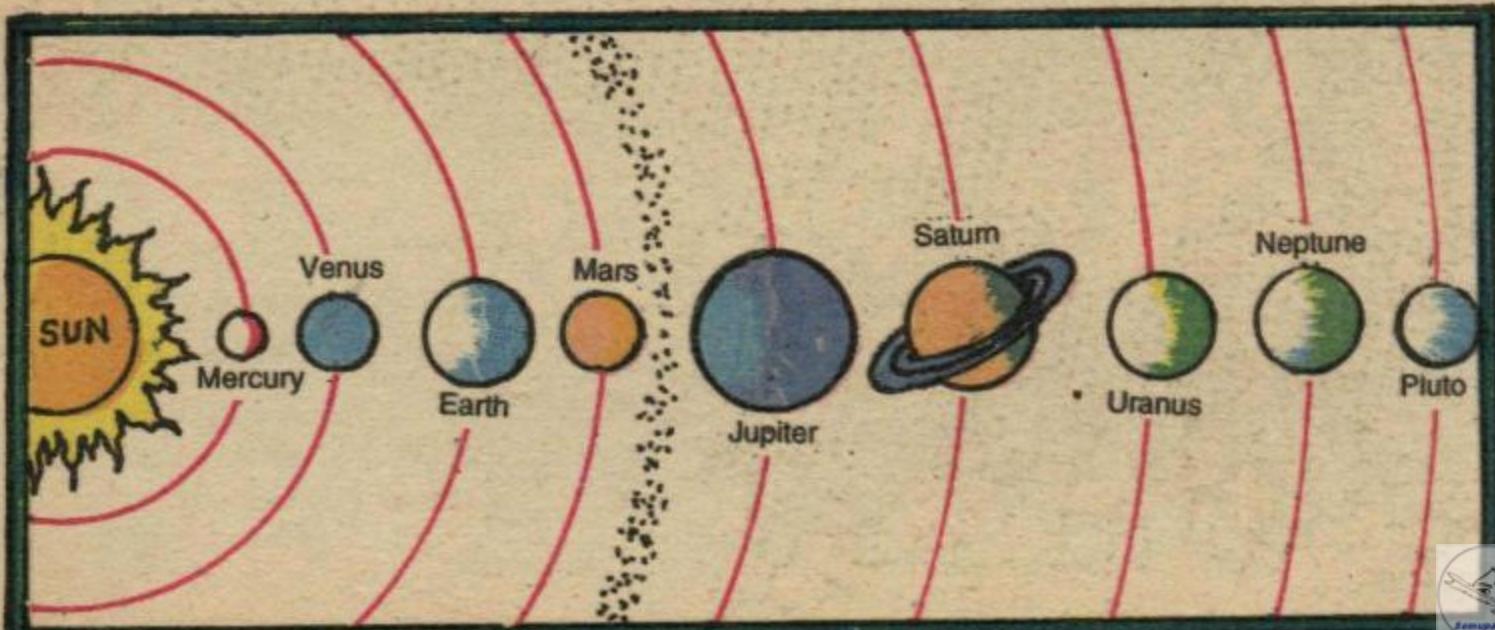
Mercury's distance from the Sun is 58,000,000 km. Its diameter is 4,880 km.

The distance of Venus from the Sun is 108,200,000 km. Its diameter is 12,100 km.

Pluto's distance from the Sun is 5,900,000,000 km. This one is the farthest planet in our Solar System. It was discovered only in 1930 at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona. It is smaller than our Earth.

The ancients believed that behind these planetary bodies there were godheads. Mythology and legends of ancient civilizations speak of these godheads. The Indian mythology, in particular, has depicted them as gods who were involved with the affairs of men. Is there any symbolic truth in it? All we know is, there is one consciousness pervading the entire universe. Every object influences the other objects. Whatever greater truth is there in the mythological stories about the planets, you must find out yourself, if you care for it, through your own study and meditation.

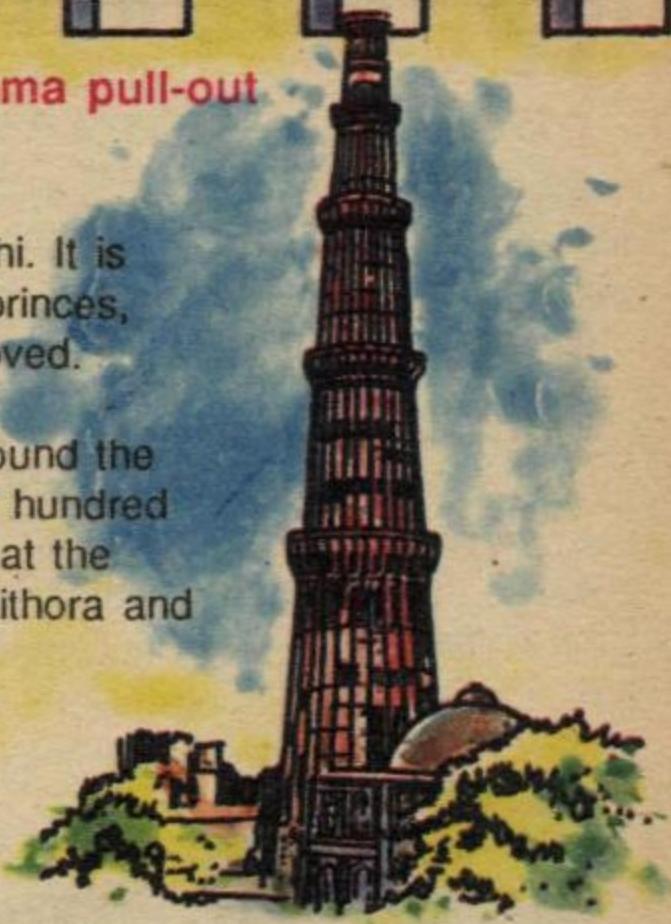
(This series concluded)



A Chandamama pull-out

FORTS OF INDIA – 2

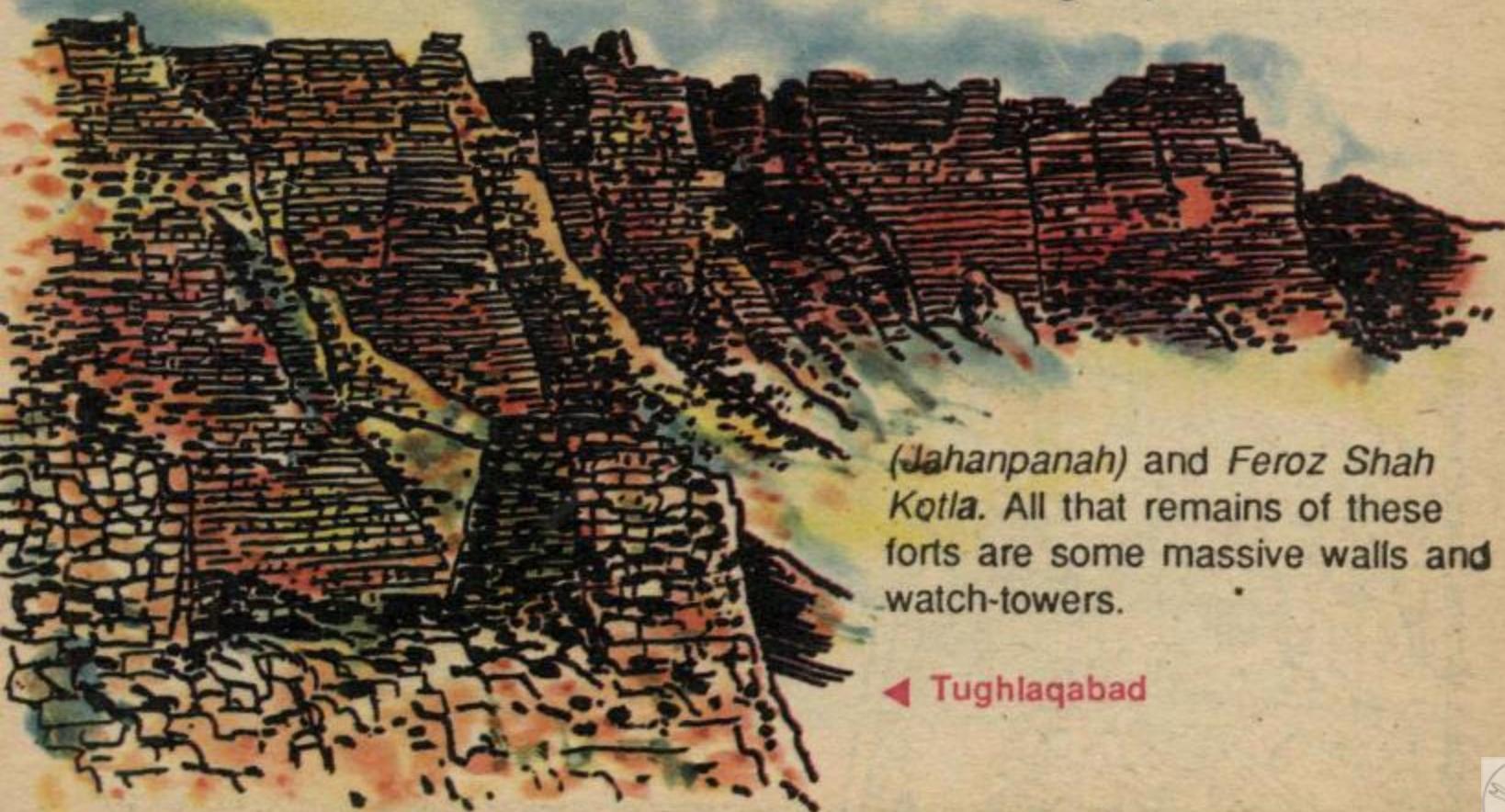
NO OTHER city in India has as many forts as Delhi. It is believed that the capital founded by the Pandava princes, *Indraprastha* stood here. But this has yet to be proved. What is known for certain is that a Tomara king, Anangapala had built a fort, *Lalkot*, in 737 A.D. around the site where the Qutb Minar now stands. Nearly four hundred years later, Prithviraj Chauhan III built another fort at the same site. Prithviraj was popularly known as Rai Pithora and the fort was called *Garh Rai Pithora*.



FROM LALKOT TO LAL QILA

Text : Meera Ugra
Drawings : Goutam Sen

In 1303 A.D. Alauddin Khalji built *Koshak-i-Siri*, Siri fort where the Asian Games were held in 1982. The Khalji dynasty was succeeded by the Tughlaq dynasty. To keep the Mongol invaders away, three different Tughlaq kings – Ghiyasuddin, Muhammad and Firoz Shah built three different forts – *Tughlaqabad*, *Adilabad*



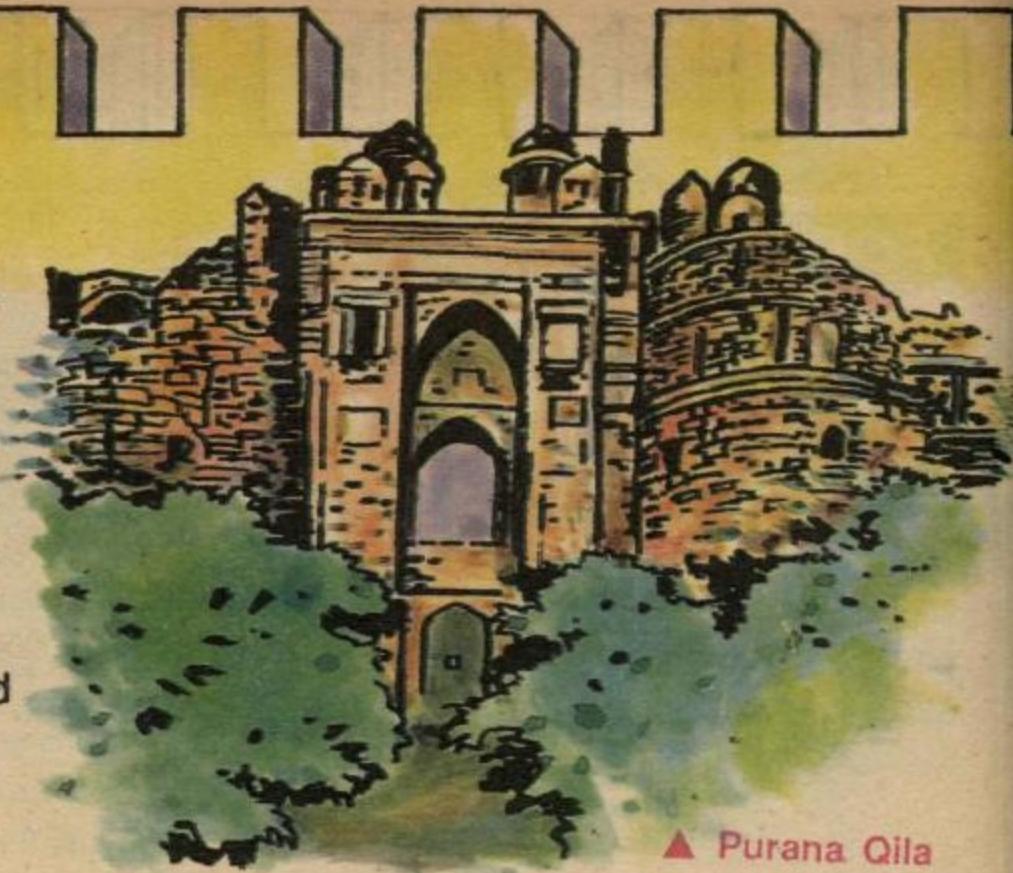
(*Jahanpanah*) and *Feroz Shah Kotla*. All that remains of these forts are some massive walls and watch-towers.

◀ *Tughlaqabad*

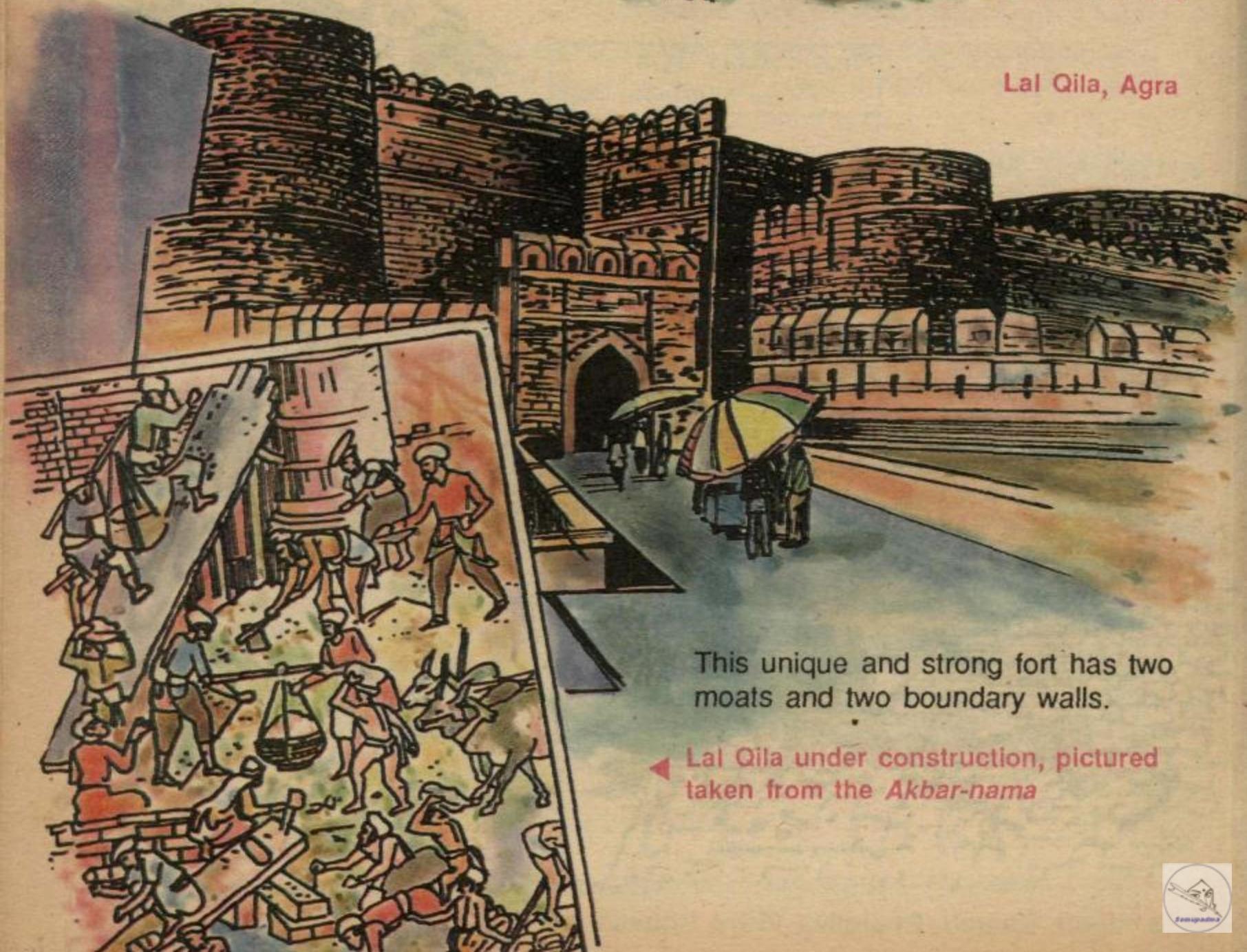


The fort now known as the Purana Qila was begun by Humayun, the second Mughal emperor and was completed by Sher Shah Sur.

Akbar shifted his capital to Agra. He chose a fort, Badalgarh and reinforced and strengthened it. It was built of red sandstone and came to be called *Lal Qila*.



▲ Purana Qila



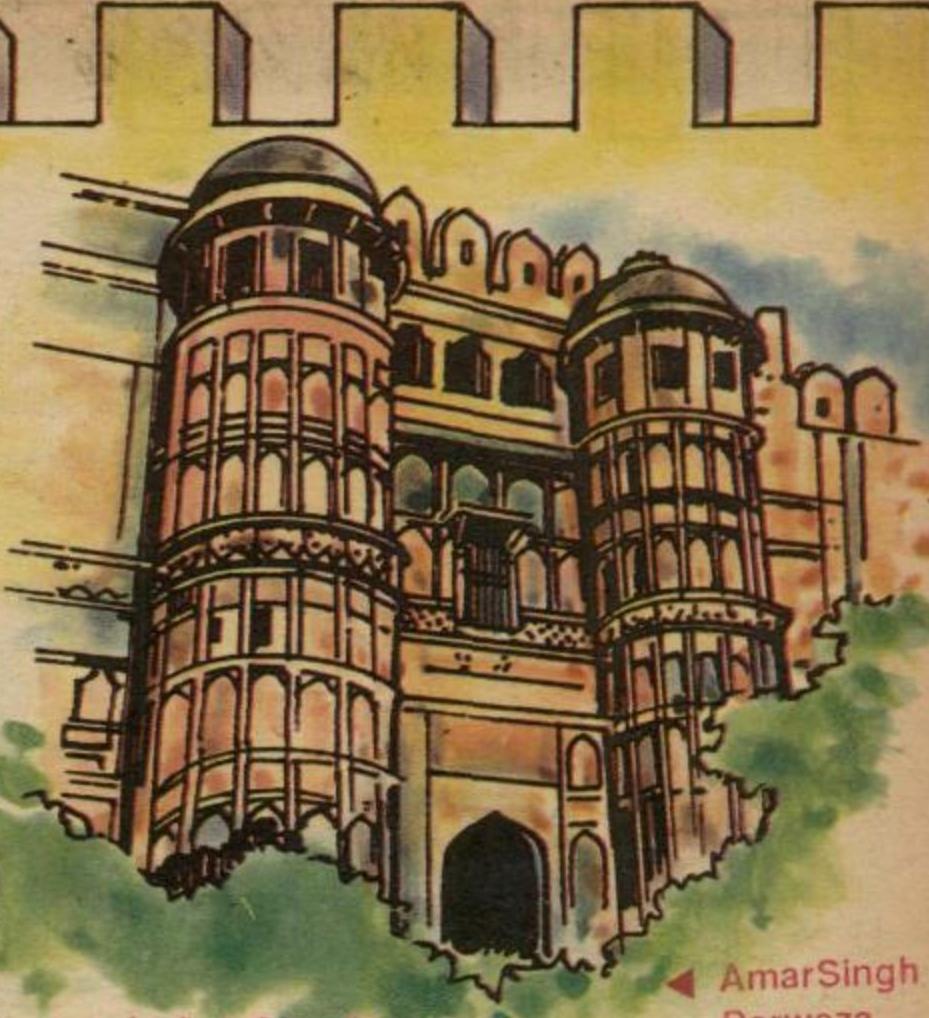
Lal Qila, Agra

This unique and strong fort has two moats and two boundary walls.

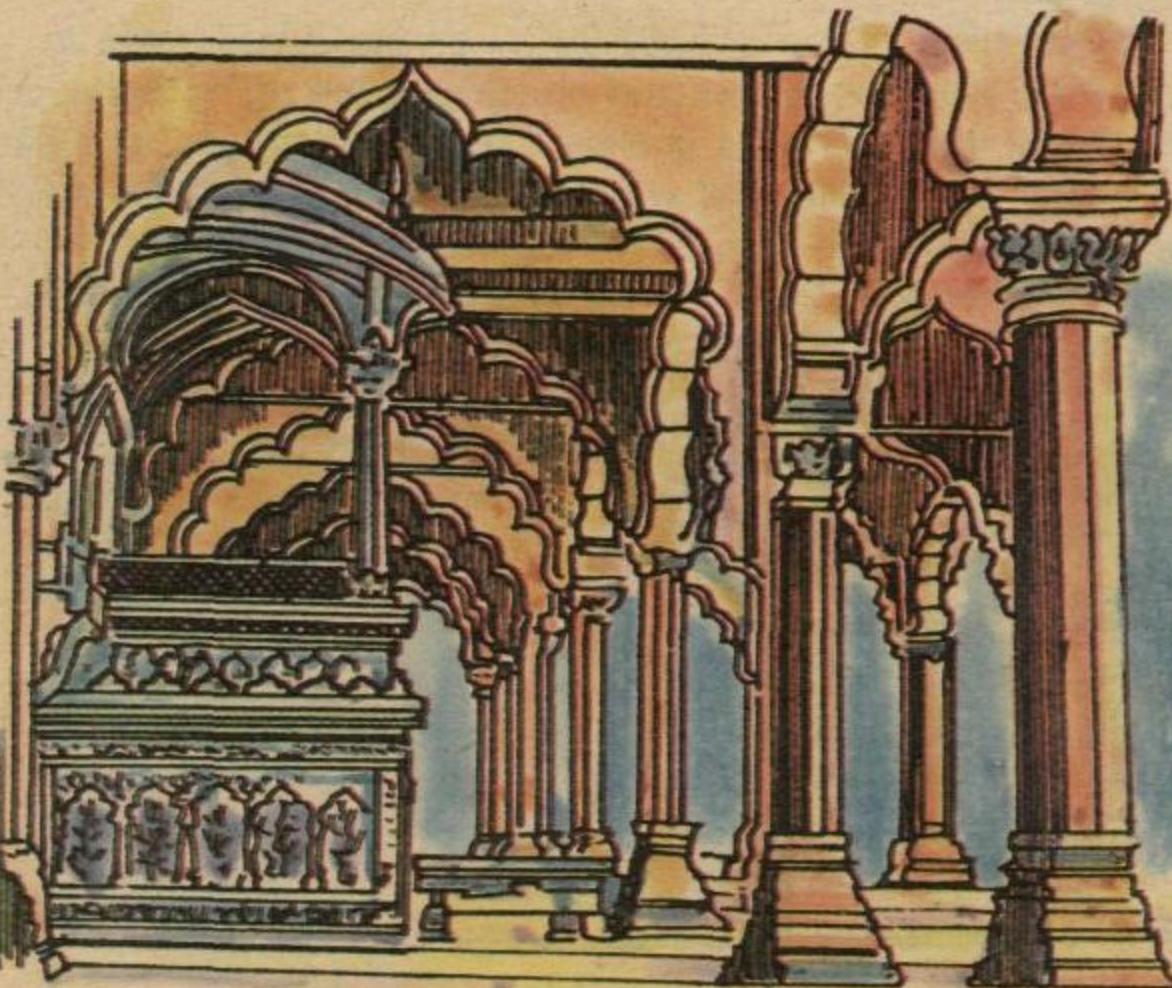
◀ Lal Qila under construction, pictured taken from the *Akbar-nama*

There is a record of a daring escape from the fort, of Amar Singh Rathor, a Rajput general who served Akbar's grandson, Shahjahan. One day in a fit of rage Amar Singh killed the royal treasurer, Salavat Khan – who constantly conspired against him. He rode away pursued by Shahjahan's soldiers. Finding the main gates closed, he ascended the steps of the ramparts on his horse, Bahadur and without a moment's hesitation jumped from the 30-foot high wall. The gate, known as Akbari Darwaza till then came to be called Amar Singh Darwaza.

▼ Diwan-i-Aam (the hall of public audience), in Lal Qila, Delhi



◀ Amar Singh
Darwaza



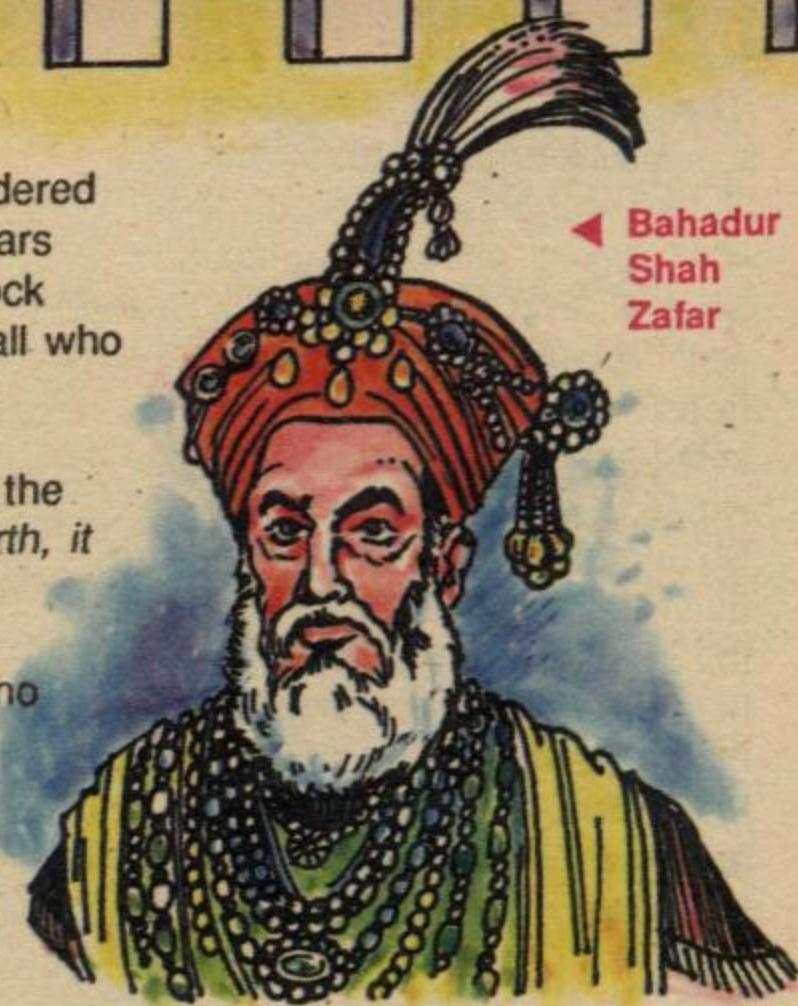
Shahjahan shifted the capital back to Delhi and began to build a fort on the 12th of May 1639 in Shahjahanabad, a new city founded by him.

The fort like that of Agra was built of red sandstone and inevitably, also came to be called *Lal Qila*. Shahjahan held court for the first time there on 18th April, 1648 amidst great pomp and splendour.

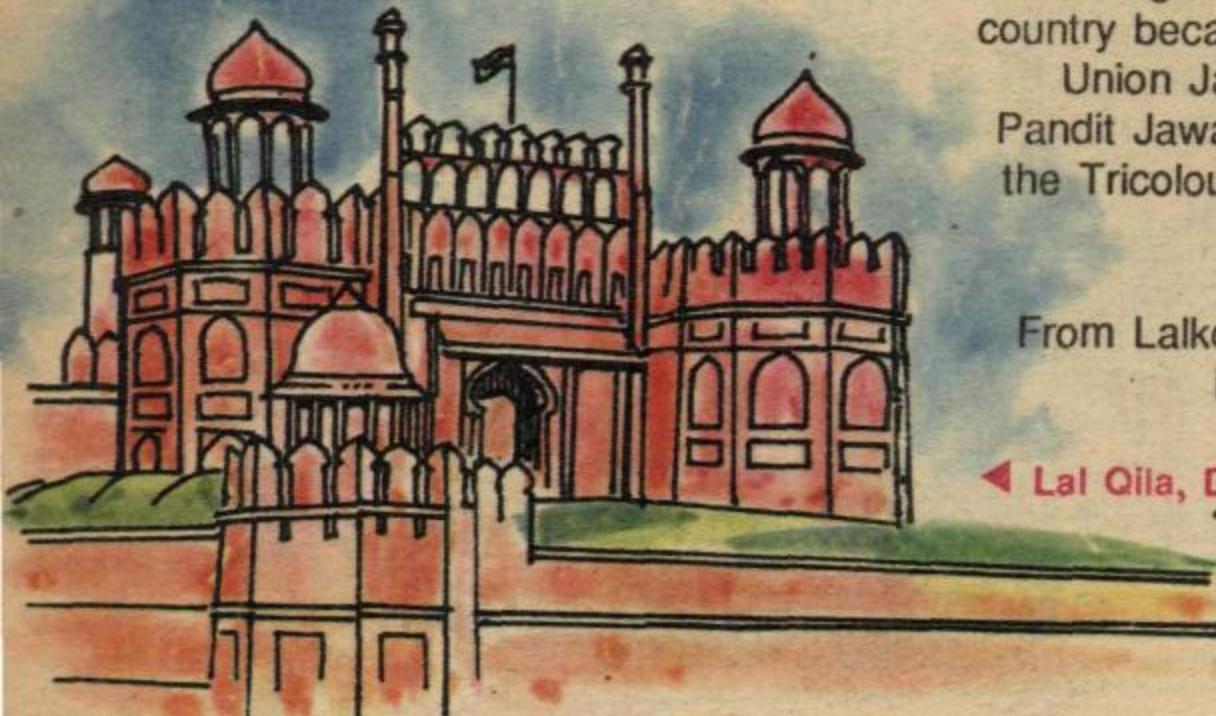
Silver columns supported richly embroidered silk and velvet canopies, while gold pillars supported the canopy above the Peacock Throne. The Peacock Throne dazzled all who beheld it. Later, Shahjahan's son, Dara Shukoh got these famous lines of poet Firdausi inscribed in gold letters above the throne : "If there be heaven on this earth, it is here, it is here, it is here."

Heaven turned hell for the emperors who came after Aurangzeb, the last of the great Mughals. The empire began to crumble and the fort was taken over by invaders like Nadir Shah and Ahmed Shah Abdali.

Blood flowed during the turbulent period of 1857-58, when the sepoys rose in revolt against the East India Company's rule and proclaimed the aging Bahadur Shah Zafar their king. When the revolt was quelled Bahadur Shah was tried by the British in the same fort, found guilty and was sentenced to exile in Burma.



◀ Bahadur
Shah
Zafar



On August 15, 1947, when the country became independent, the Union Jack was lowered and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru hoisted the Tricolour on the ramparts of the Red Fort.

From Lalkot to Lal Qila a cycle had been completed.

◀ Lal Qila, Delhi

A STRANGE COW IN A STRANGE GARDEN

Long long ago, when the world was still young and man rather simple, there lived a farmer and his wife. They were poor and worked hard for their livelihood. But both had an unusual pastime. Whenever they could get some leisure, they loved to vie with each other with their daydreams.

One day, the farmer said to his wife, "When I grow rich, I'll buy a beautiful cow."

"Ah! That's indeed a good idea! I'll milk the healthy animal and she'll give us an excellent yield!" exclaimed the

woman excitedly.

"But where are we going to store such a large quantity of milk?" asked her husband, feeling rather worried.

"Why? I'll, of course, buy a big – a very big – pot to hold all that milk!" came the prompt reply.

"You're no doubt a most practical woman!" said the farmer proudly.

The next day, the farmer's wife hurried to the market and bought a few large earthen vessels. When the farmer returned home in the evening, he saw them arranged in a row.





"Oh, so many of them? Will our cow really give us so much milk?" he asked, feeling quite worried.

"Why not? But, actually, one pot is meant for the milk, one for butter, and the other for curd," replied the woman in a matter of fact manner.

"That's all very fine. But, dear wife, what about the fourth one?" asked her husband curiously.

"Well, that's meant for taking some of our excess milk to my sister," she said candidly.

"What? Milk for your sister? And you've been planning this behind my back?" shouted the farmer angrily.

He flew into a rage and crashed the

fourth pot to pieces.

"I'm the one who will tend the cow. So, I've every right to do as I wish with the milk!" argued the woman, quite agitated.

"Really? I toil and sweat all day long and purchase a cow with my hard-earned money. You, on the other hand, give away the milk to your sister. How very smart of you!" roared the farmer, smashing two more pots and hurling the last one at his wife.

Their next door neighbour, who heard the great hullabaloo, rushed to the farmer's house.

"Now, what's going on here?" He enquired of the angry husband.

"This wicked woman is stealing milk from my cow and passing it to her sister!"

"Your cow?" asked the neighbour, looking here, there, and everywhere.

"That's right. My cow."

"But I don't see any! Where is the cow?" queried the neighbour.

"Well, I'm certainly going to buy one when I save enough money," said the man.

"Oh, you mean *that* cow! I understand," said the neighbour with a chuckle. He kept quiet for a moment and then suddenly planted a blow on the farmer's back.

The farmer looked surprised.



"What's that for?" he demanded.

"Now I know who is munching away the flowers and vegetables in my garden," said the neighbour and went on raining blows on the poor farmer.

"Wait, wait! Why on earth are you beating me? What wrong have I done to you?" pleaded the farmer, who was no match for his strong and stout neighbour.

The woman looked bewildered and stood still with tears in her eyes.

"You dare ask what's wrong? Isn't your wicked cow that is eating away all the flowers and vegetables in my garden? You dare ask how you've wronged me?" retorted the neighbour, still pretending to be furious.

"You don't have a garden at all, and

you speak of flowers and vegetables! Have you lost your senses?" asked the farmer, though feeling dazed.

"Well, dear friend, I'm speaking of the garden I'm about to plant! I'm, in fact, planning for a long time, but alas, your ill-mannered cow has been destroying it," said the clever man soberly.

The farmer at last saw his own folly, and both of them burst into guffaws of laughter. The farmer's wife, too, laughed through her tears.

From that day onwards, though the farmer and his wife did continue to daydream, they were cautious not to force their beautiful dreams into reality too soon!

- Retold by Anup Kishore Das



End of 1,000-day war

Instead of church bells, guns boomed in Bosnia-Herzegovina to usher in the New Year. There was nothing unusual about it, because that has been the custom in Bosnia. But the people there heaved of sigh of relief when the guns later fell silent, unlike the New Year eve during the three previous years, because a war had raged soon after Bosnia-Herzegovina broke away from the Federation of Yugoslavia, along with Slovenia, Croatia, and Macedonia. Now only Serbia and Montenegro remained in the Federation.

Except in Macedonia, violent clashes erupted in the other three republics involving the Serb-dominated Federal army. The most fierce fighting took place in Bosnia-Herzegovina where the war continued for nearly 33 months – the longest in Europe since the end of the Second World War in 1945.

The Serbs clashed with the Muslims, who are in a majority in Bosnia, and the minority Croatian population. After the Serbs captured the airport in capital Sarajevo, the U.N. peacekeeping troops found movement impossible. Essential supplies could also not reach the embattled towns of Bosnia.

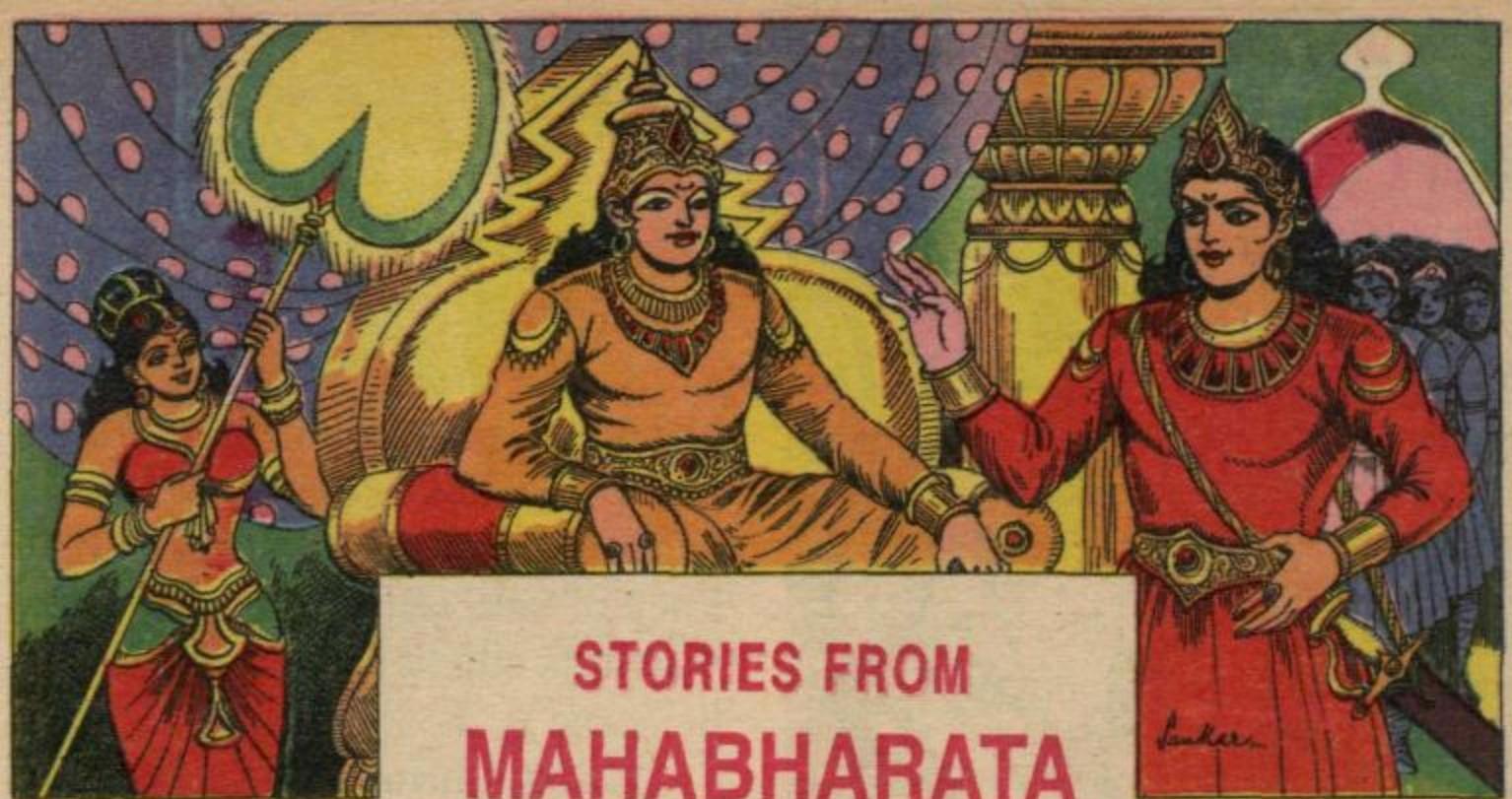
The contact group set up by the U.S.A., Russia, France, Germany, and Britain offered several peace plans which were all initially rejected by one or more of the warring groups. Ultimately, a plan to allot only 49 per cent of the territory to the Serbs, with the rest going to the others

found, favour with the Muslim government and the Croat population.

Meanwhile, the U.S.A., whose troops serving on the U.N. Peacekeeping force found themselves being attacked by the Serbs, threatened to help Bosnia with arms supplies. The Serbs then sought the help of the former U.S. President Jimmy Carter, who had already earned a name as a successful peace negotiator after he intervened in the conflict between the U.S.A. and North Korea, and in the civil war-torn Haiti.

Mr. Carter held talks with the Muslim and Serbian leaders and prompted the latter to accept the 5-nation peace plan. A week later, on December 31, the warring groups agreed on cessation of hostilities for the next four months and to continue negotiations so as to reach a final settlement by next May. Thus, Peace returned to Bosnia after nearly thousand days of war.





STORIES FROM MAHABHARATA

Lakshmi

The Story so far:

When King Pandu died, his brother Dhritarashtra, who was born blind, became the King of Hastinapura and brought up the five sons of Pandu, along with his own one hundred sons.

Mutual jealousy between the cousins, increased from day to day. Duryodhana, the eldest of the Kaurava princes, tried to kill Bhima, in the hope that, with Bhima out of the way, it would be easy to prevent Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pandavas, from claiming the throne.

The princes were trained in the use of arms and warfare by Drona, a warrior-sage. A tournament was held at Hastinapura, the capital, and in the course of the day, a warrior named Karna appeared and proved himself to be the equal of Prince Arjuna in archery.

This encouraged Duryodhana, who befriended Karna and appointed him King of Anga. Karna was actually the first-born of Queen Kunti, but was believed by himself and all others to be the son of a charioteer.

At last, when King Dhritarashtra announced that Yudhishtira was the heir-apparent to the throne, Duryodhana's mad envy and jealousy knew no bounds.

To make matters worse, the people held the Pandava princes in high regard, and Yudhishtira came

to be named Dharmaraya, the sustainer of the law. It soon became common knowledge in the palace that the people were muttering, Dhritarashtra had no right to be king, and that Yudhishtira should make a far better ruler.

Dhritarashtra was in many ways



a wise ruler and, although he loved his brother's sons, he was weak-willed and was easily swayed by evil counsel.

Duryodhana conspired with his cunning uncle Sakuni, and his uncle's minister, Kanika, on ways and means to get rid of the Pandava princes.

One day, Duryodhana went to his father, seething with rage. "This state of affairs can no longer be endured. The people are already hinting that Yudhishtira should be crowned king immediately. The Pandavas must go, otherwise what is to become of us? Are we to rely on their charity for our future?" he exclaimed.

The old king was sorely worried. "Son," he said, "what you say may be true, but if we openly oppose or harm the princes, the whole kingdom will rise against us."

"You're wrong!" shouted Duryodhana, quivering with rage. "We've powerful allies in Kripa and Drona and in the latter's son, Aswasthama. I beg of you, send the Pandavas to Varanasi; otherwise there will never be peace in the kingdom."

At first, Dhritarashtra refused to listen to Duryodhana's evil schemes but, then, Sakuni and Kanika lost no time in trying to convince the king that to allow the Pandavas to remain in Hastinapura would prove an ever growing menace to himself and his sons. But if the Pandavas were induced to go to Varanasi, Duryodhana and his brothers would regain their popularity and, perhaps, in time the Pandavas could be allowed to return.

By and by Dhritarashtra yielded to the conspirators' sweet words, and in his weak judgement, began to believe that with the removal of the Pandava princes, the Kauravas would for ever reign supreme.

Kunti Devi and the princes welcomed the suggestion of a prolonged visit to Varanasi, for it would be a



relief to get away from the treacherous atmosphere of the court at Hastinapura.

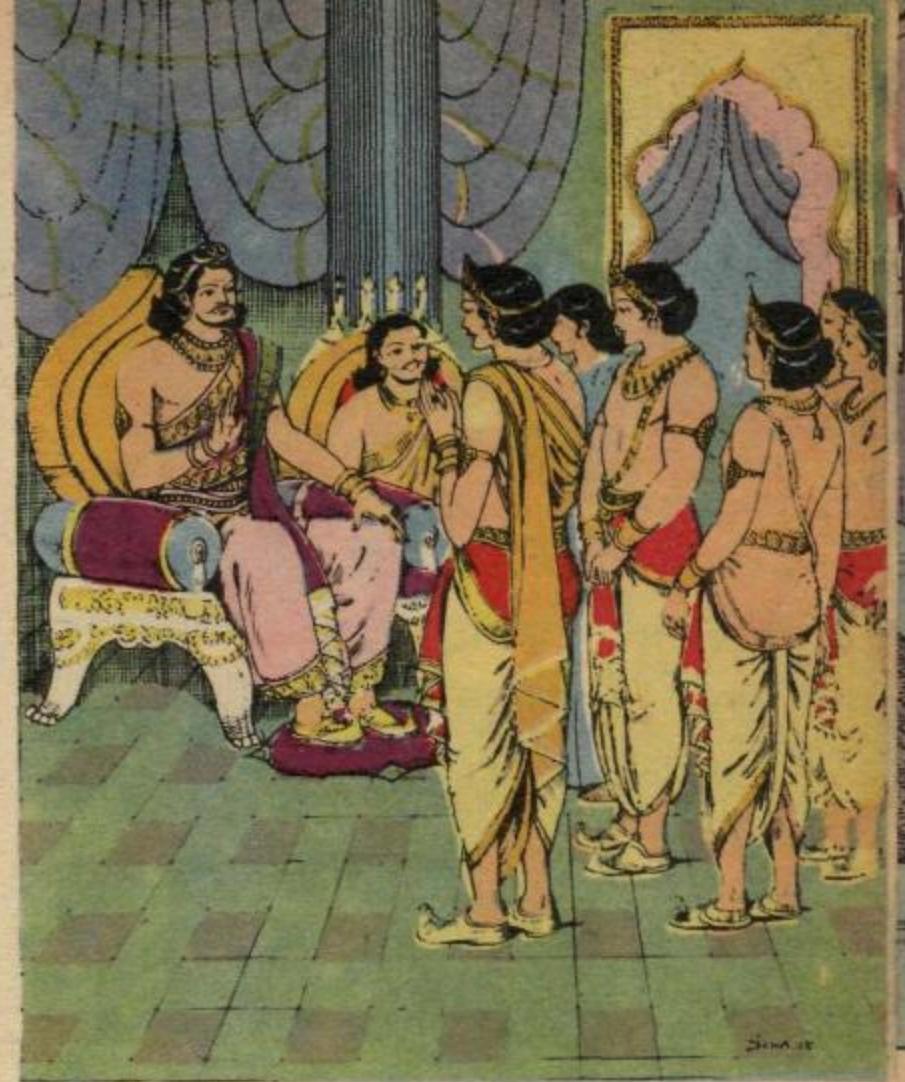
Duryodhana, delighted at the turn of events, lost no time in planning with Sakuni and Karna about a fatal 'accident' that would finish off the Pandavas.

The conspirators hit upon an idea that seemed bound to succeed. They sent for Purochan, an architect of dubious character, and gave him instructions which he swore to carry out.

Before the Pandavas left for Varanasi, Purochan hastened there well in advance, and with his own artisans and labourers built a beautiful palace to house the Pandavas. Everything in this palace was constructed of the most inflammable material which would burn rapidly. The plan was to set fire to this 'house of wax' when the Pandavas were sound asleep, and as wax would burn fiercely, they would stand no chance of escaping, and the Kauravas could never be blamed for such a tragic accident.

The day came when Kunti Devi and the five princes took leave of their relatives and friends, and set off on their journey to Varanasi.

Vidura, the wise counsellor, ac-



companied them for some distance and, before returning to Hastinapura, spoke words of warning to Yudhishtira. "Listen carefully, my son," whispered Vidura. "Death awaits you at Varanasi in a house that has been designed to go up in flames. Be prepared, and trust the men I will send. Then all will be well."

Yudhishtira sadly realised that such a hideous plot could only be the work of Duryodhana, and he decided to say nothing to the others, until they reached Varanasi.

The people of Varanasi were happy that the Pandavas were visiting their city and welcomed them





with garlands and music. They were escorted to the 'house of wax' by Purochan himself, who boasted of its lavish beauties and explained that by the orders of King Dhritarashtra, he would remain there to look after the comforts of the honoured guests.

That evening, Yudhishtira told his mother Kunti Devi and his brothers of Vidura's warning and then, with Bhima, examined the entire building. There was no doubt that the place was a veritable death trap.

Yudhishtira told Bhima: "Now that we know of this dastardly plot, do not let Purochan feel that we're suspicious. But we must remain on

our guard every night, until we get further word from Vidura."

So, they stayed in the palace and, to all appearances, were free from care. During the day, they met the people, or went hunting, but at night one of the princes remained on guard. Meanwhile, Vidura sent a trusted servant, who met the princes in secret and, unknown to Purochan, showed them a carefully concealed door in the palace that led to a tunnel which went under the ground and the surrounding walls of the palace.

With this knowledge, the princes decided to escape that very night. At midnight, Bhima took a torch and set fire to the house at a dozen places. Then they all hurried out through the subterranean passage into the forest well beyond the palace.

The 'house of wax' was soon a roaring blaze that lit up the sky, and a fast swelling crowd of citizens could do nothing to stem such an inferno. They only stood and lamented the fate of the princes and their mother.

The palace was reduced to ashes, and in the debris lay the remains of Purochan, a victim of his own dastardly scheming and a drunken group of people who slept on the verandah.

When the news reached Hastina-



pura, Dhritarashtra and his sons shed tears, and performed the most solemn funeral rites for their kinsfolk, who they fondly believed had perished in the fire, because dead bodies had been found amidst the ashes.

In the forest, the Pandavas groped their way through the tangled undergrowth till they came to the river Ganga. There they found a boat with a boatman in whom they confided. They crossed the river, and entered the forest on the far side. Bhima, seeing that his mother was exhausted, took her on his shoulders and led the way through the dense forest.

After a time, sheer fatigue and thirst forced them to halt, and they decided to take rest. Not so the tireless Bhima, who forced his way through dense undergrowth until he found a pool and, making cups of lotus leaves, carried water for his mother and brothers. Then, whilst the others slept, Bhima stayed awake

and armed himself with a club, to protect them against wild animals.

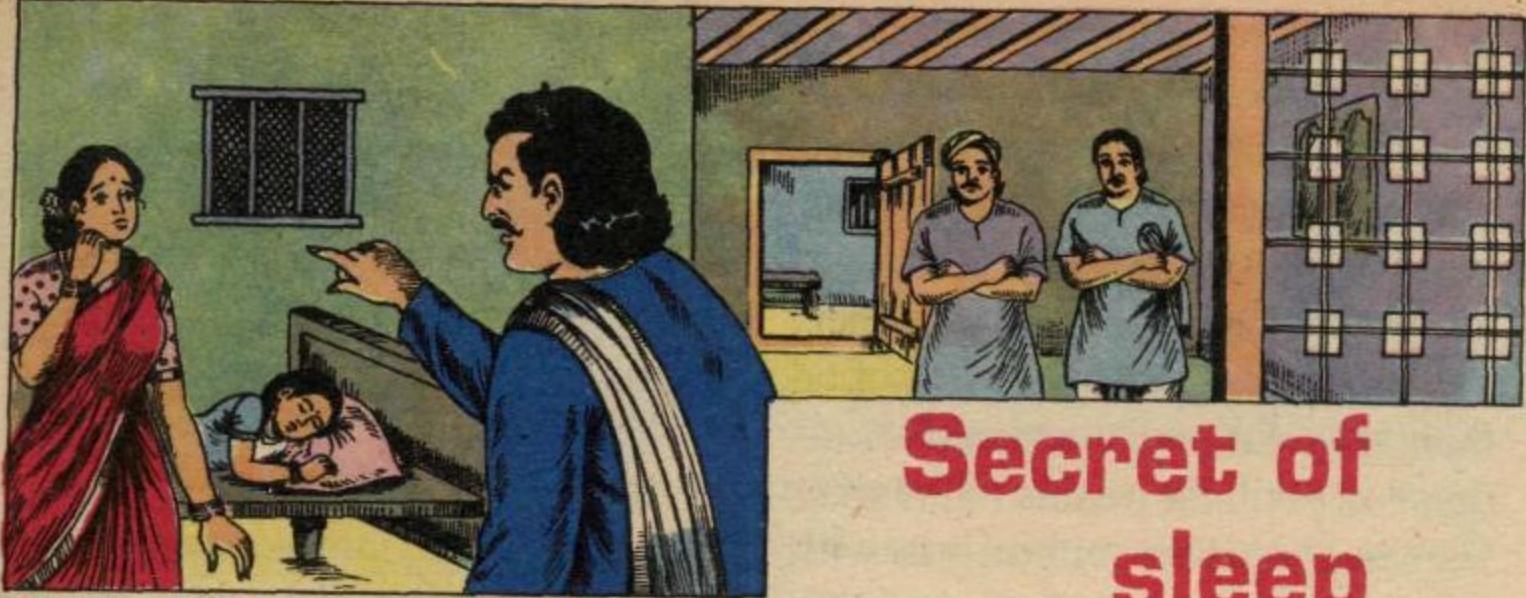
In these forests dwelt a giant and his sister, Hidambi. She was out early searching for food, when from some distance she saw Bhima standing guard over his mother and brothers. She liked him very much. As she could take any form, she changed herself into a maiden of rare beauty.

Hearing someone approach, Bhima turned and saw this beautiful looking maiden coming towards him.

At first he was surprised that such a beauty should be walking through the forest, alone. Hidambi came closer and with a dazzling smile said, "I am Hidambi and wish you no harm. But my brother is a man-eating giant, and will slay you all on sight. Follow me and I will lead you all to safety. But promise, I beg of you, to make me your wife."

- To continue





Secret of sleep

V amana Murthy was one of the richest persons of Vanchiyoor. Strangely, it was his wealth which gave him untold misery. It was a warm summer's day, and as usual he lay on his bed for an afternoon nap. But however much he tried, he would not get a wink of sleep. He lay flat for some time; then he lay on one side; soon he changed the side. No, his eyelids would not close. He removed his shirt, and asked his servants to fan him from either side. It was still unbearably warm for him. The servants then sprinkled the room with water. That also did not help.

Murthy got up and went up to the verandah. The sight that greeted him did not gladden his heart. His employees were all fast asleep. In fact, some of them were even sleeping in the sun. He felt jealous of them. He woke them up. "What's this? I'm your master, and I don't get any

sleep! How come you people who are my employees are able to sleep so soundly? Come on, get up. If I can't get any sleep, then, you also shouldn't sleep. Go back to!"

After ensuring that they all went back to work, Murthy went inside, and what did he see? His wife was fast asleep; their children, too, were asleep. He could not brook the sight, so he woke them up, too. After all, it was he who looked after them, and they depended on him in every respect. Why should they enjoy sleep when he himself was denied of it? he argued with himself.

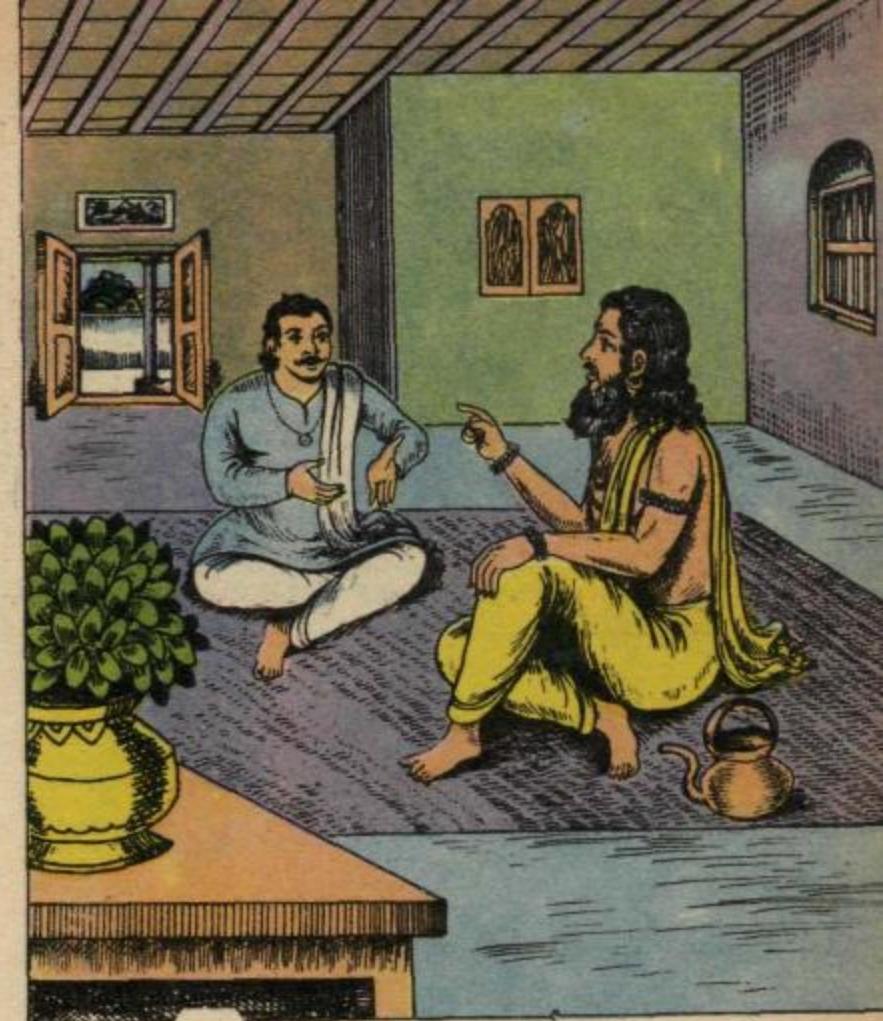
His wife consulted her faithful maid. Was her lord and master suffering from any illness? The maid discussed the matter with the other servants. Some of them went and brought a doctor who was known to the family. Murthy did not very much appreciate the gesture, but it being

their family doctor, he allowed himself to be examined. "There's nothing wrong with him," the doctor assured Murthy's wife, "physically, I mean. Maybe he doesn't have any peace of mind. You'll have to find what it is that bothers him."

Murthy now started spending sleepless nights, too. The servants, who were being woken up at dead of night, for something or the other to keep him at peace, began murmuring: "Master must be affected by something supernatural. Maybe a ghost. Who knows! If that be so, he must be treated immediately." His wife agreed to their going in search of someone who could cure him by his *mantras*.

Vamana Murthy, by then, was so desperate about his incurable sleeplessness, that he too wished something drastic was done. He received the sorcerer with due reverence, and dutifully repeated the mantras chanted by him. The sorcerer tied a sacred thread around his waist and another one on his wrist. All that was no avail. Sleep continued to evade Murthy.

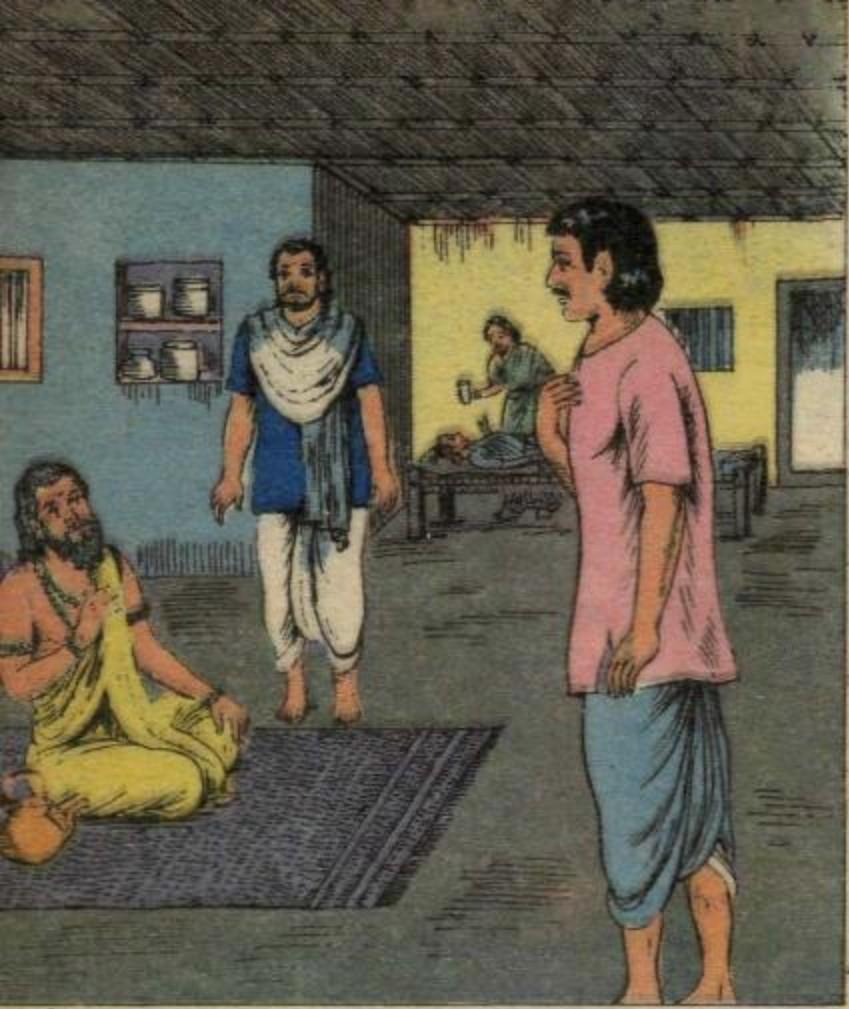
One day, a *sanyasi* came that way. It was Murthy's wife who saw him first. She invited him to spend sometime with them. Murthy paid



his obeisance to him for his wife's sake. They took him into confidence. The *sanyasi* remained in a contemplative mood for some time. How should he solve Murthy's problem?

"Probably you don't have any thought other than money – making more money, and acquiring more wealth," said the *sanyasi*. "You must remember that our life is not everlasting. One day we all have to die. And then what'll happen to all the money, all the wealth? We can't take it with us when we pass away, can we?"

Vamana Murthy was not sure how he should react. "But I know all



that. And you don't have to teach me again," he snapped.

The sanyasi persisted. "Why did god create day and night? One must be active during the day and take rest at night. Sleep is very essential for a human being. If he doesn't get any sleep, he'll be tired."

"That's all right," said Murthy. "I'm not working day and night. I don't have to, yet I'm not able to get any sleep, either during the day or at night. That's what I want to know: why am I not getting any sleep? I thought you would solve that problem for me. Why is it that my wife, children, and even my employees

are able to get good sleep?" he asked rather impatiently.

"You try to forget your worries for some time," prompted the sanyasi. "You may then get sleep."

"That's impossible!" snapped Vamana Murthy. "I can't drive away my worries, my anxiety. There are several people working for me. For their welfare I must sacrifice a lot. For their sake, I don't waste any time, so that I can earn more money."

"Exactly. And that's what is causing sleeplessness," remarked the sanyasi. "Your mind does not get any rest. It remains restless. What you need is rest, rest from care, and some peace. You may not understand what I say. Come with me. I'll take you to someone. Perhaps he'll have a solution for your problem."

Vamana Murthy went along with the sanyasi, posing as his disciple. Soon they reached a house. "This is where Ananda Murthy stays," said the sanyasi. They were received with great reverence. Ananda made them comfortable and served them food.

"How're you, Ananda?" said the sanyasi. "I hope you're well?"

"There's practically no improvement," said Ananda, sorrowfully. "You know my mother has been unwell. I spend most of my earnings



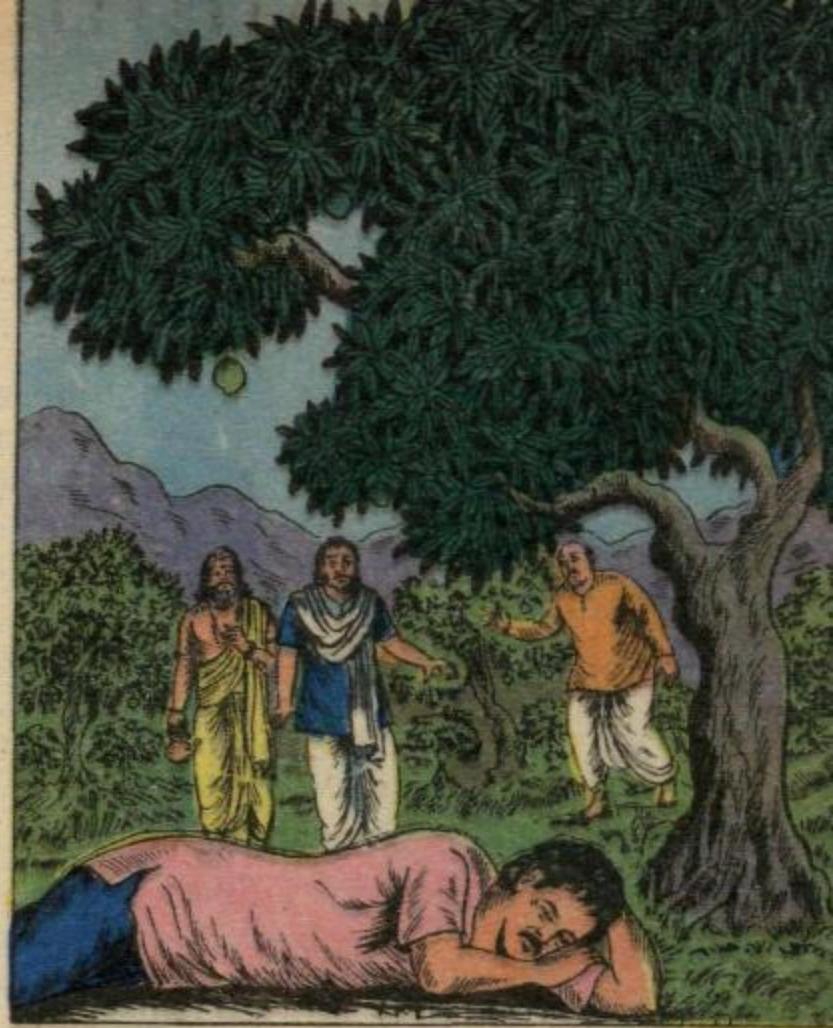
for her treatment. My wife attends on her day and night. Even then my mother is not satisfied, and she scolds my wife non-stop. We can tolerate all that. What saddens us is, my mother even scolds my children, saying that they bother her. My elder son is an irresponsible fellow; he's never at home, and is wandering here and there. The younger one is a dunce. He can't remember his lessons. And this year, I'm afraid the yield from my farm will be very little. I'm just managing by borrowing money, and I am not able to repay my loans."

"Can't you find a way out, Ananda?" asked the sanyasi.

"I tried to advise them; it had no effect," replied Ananda Murthy. "I went here and there in search of work and to earn enough. But what I earn is not enough to meet all the expenses. What more can I do? I have done my best. Now I've left everything to god's mercy."

By now it was nearing afternoon, Ananda excused himself. "I've some important work to finish. I shall come back soon. Please make yourselves comfortable till I come back."

The sanyasi and Vamana Murthy, however, decided to follow him. They saw him getting into a man-



grove, taking off his shawl, spreading it on the ground, and lying down. In no time he was enjoying sound sleep. Murthy whispered into the Sanyasi's ears: "See that! He has plenty of problems and, instead of trying to solve them, he's lazy enough to sleep away his problems. I'm going to wake him up and ask him to go for work!"

"Now I know, Murthy! You're jealous of him, aren't you?" said the sanyasi with a smile. "All right, try to wake him up."

Murthy was about to do that when someone rushed in and stood before Murthy. "Why did you stop me?"

said Murthy, angrily. "Don't you know Ananda Murthy has a lot of problems and he has to earn a lot of money? Instead of being lazy, he should work hard. I don't like lazy people!"

"Pity, you don't know about Ananda Murthy!" said the stranger. "He's not any lazy person. He works at two places in the night and so he's awake all through the night. And all day he is busy at home, looking after his family or his farm. Whenever he gets some free time, he tries to get some sleep. So, don't disturb him, please."

Vamana Murthy felt ashamed. "How do you know so much about Ananda?" he asked the stranger.

"Oh! He works for me at night in my shops," the man replied. "And whenever I find him sleeping soundly, I feel happy, though I don't get good sleep myself."

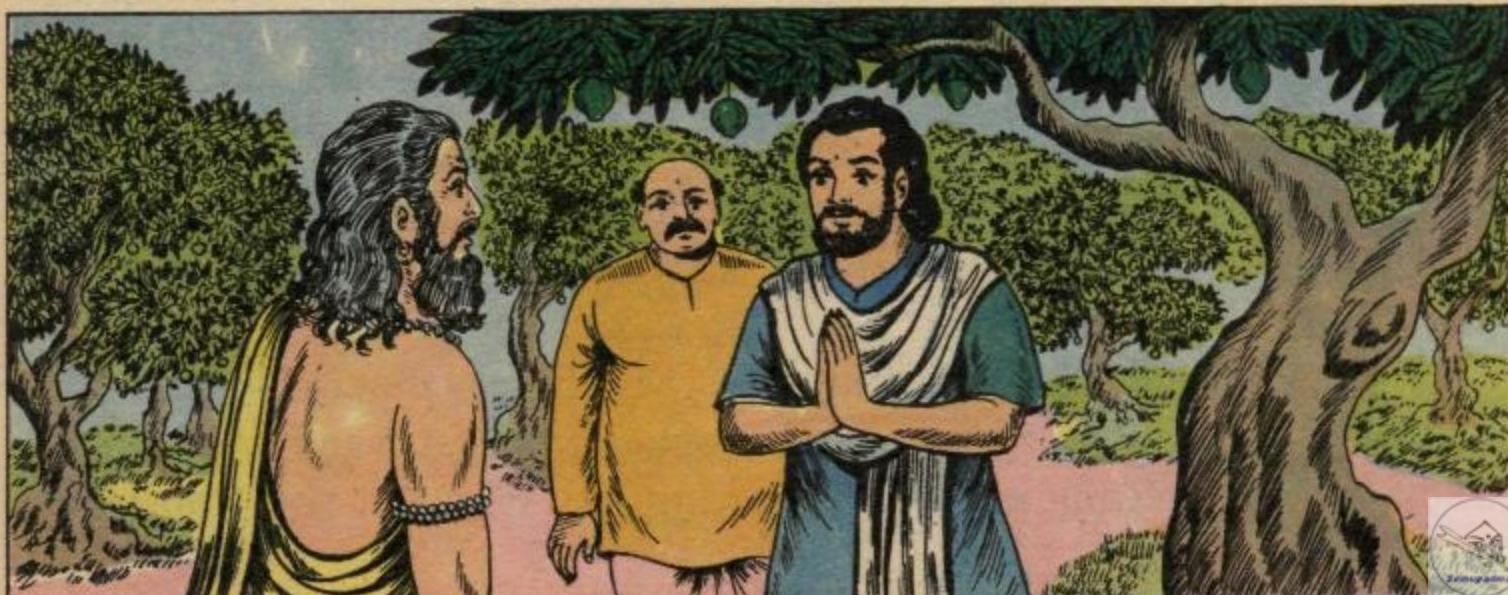
"It's strange that you don't sleep,

but feel happy when you see your employee enjoying sleep!" remarked Vamana Murthy.

"The secret is, one can get sleep if one has peace of mind," the man said. "Ananda has the satisfaction that he's doing whatever he can. It's not money that matters."

Vamana Murthy turned to the sanyasi. "You've shown me the way, sire! I shall not envy others, but try to emulate them."

"I'm glad I introduced you to Ananda Murthy," said the sanyasi, as they walked back home. "There's no point in being jealous of your wife, or children, or your employees. They are able to enjoy sleep because they are satisfied with completing whatever work you give them. You must derive pleasure by watching their feeling of satisfaction and joy. May you now enjoy good sleep!" the sanyasi blessed him before parting company with Murthy."



Of Antiseptic Value

A popular story of olden times runs like this : A woman went to a doctor with a strange problem. Her husband was about to go on a long journey. How could she ensure his quick return? The medical man advised her to instruct him to sleep under a tamarind tree every night on his outward journey and under a neem tree on his return trip. She entreated her husband to do so, and the man agreed. He started, but within a few days he took ill and decided to cancel his trip and return. By the time he got back home, he was perfectly normal. It is believed that tamarind gives out unhealthy vapours, while the neem has healing powers!

The medicinal properties of *neem* (Hindi) are manifold. The oil extracted from its seeds is an antiseptic and is used in toothpaste and soap. In north India, people can be seen chewing neem twigs in the morning. The chewed portion is also used as a toothbrush. The gum obtained from the bark is a stimulant and is taken as a tonic. Before small-pox was eradicated, a house with a patient would have a string of neem leaves adorning the main door; he would be fanned with the leaves to reduce the itching sensation. In some parts of India, the Hindus symbolically eat neem leaves on their new year's day to ward off illness during the rest of the year! The wood is hard and bitter, and insects like white ants do not attack it. The timber is widely used for ship-building.

The neem (*neemgach* is Bengali, *Bevu* in Kannada, *Vepu* in Telugu, *Vepa* in Tamil and Malayalam, *Neembai* in Marathi, and *Margosa* in English) grows tall and is evergreen. The leaves consist of leaflets which are long, narrow, and pointed, with serrated sides. New leaves appear throughout the year, but they are seen in flush in March-April. The flowers are small and white, and have the smell of honey. Large bunches of them are seen twice a year—in March-April and later during the monsoon. The fruits are juicy and sweet, and are enjoyed by children and adults alike.



Great Writers of India



Who has not heard of the great poet Kalidasa and his mighty patron, King Vikramaditya? In fact, the stories of King Vikram and the vampire you read in your magazine, month after month, originated from some legends which figured the king.

There is no doubt about the greatness of Kalidasa, for his plays and poetry are there before us to measure his genius. But when did he live? That is a question to which there are several answers. It could be the 8th century B.C. It could be the 2nd century B.C. It could even be as late as the 4th century A.D.

In the history of India, there are

KALIDASA

several monarchs who assumed the name Vikramaditya. Two of them were outstanding. One was the king who introduced a new calendar, known as the *Vikram Samvat*. He belonged to the 1st century B.C. The other was King Chandragupta II, whose reign extended from the 4th to the early 5th century. Most of the historians are of the opinion that Kalidasa belonged to the court of this illustrious king. But we are not sure. He might have belonged to the court of the earlier Vikramaditya as well. According to a legend, Kalidasa's patron had eight other great scholars in his court, making it a garland of nine gems or *Nava Ratnas*. They are : Kalidasa, Dhavantari, Kshapanaka, Amarsingh, Shanku, Vetalabhatta, Ghatakarpura, Varahamihira, and Vararuchi. All of them do not seem to be there in the court of Chandragupta II. They might have been there in the court of the earlier Vikramaditya.

However, it is certain that Kalidasa lived in Ujjain, one of the great ancient cities of India. There is a funny legend about him. According to it, the young Kalidasa was uneducated.

and utterly naive. Some scholars, who were insulted by a highly learned princess, wanted to take revenge on her by making her marry an illiterate man. Their conspiracy succeeded and the princess married Kalidasa.

But within a short time of their meeting, the princess knew that she had been deceived. She turned Kalidasa out. The dejected bridegroom was an ardent devotee of Mother Kali. He straight away proceeded to the temple and wept and told the divine Mother that the humiliation he had suffered was unbearable and that he was ending his

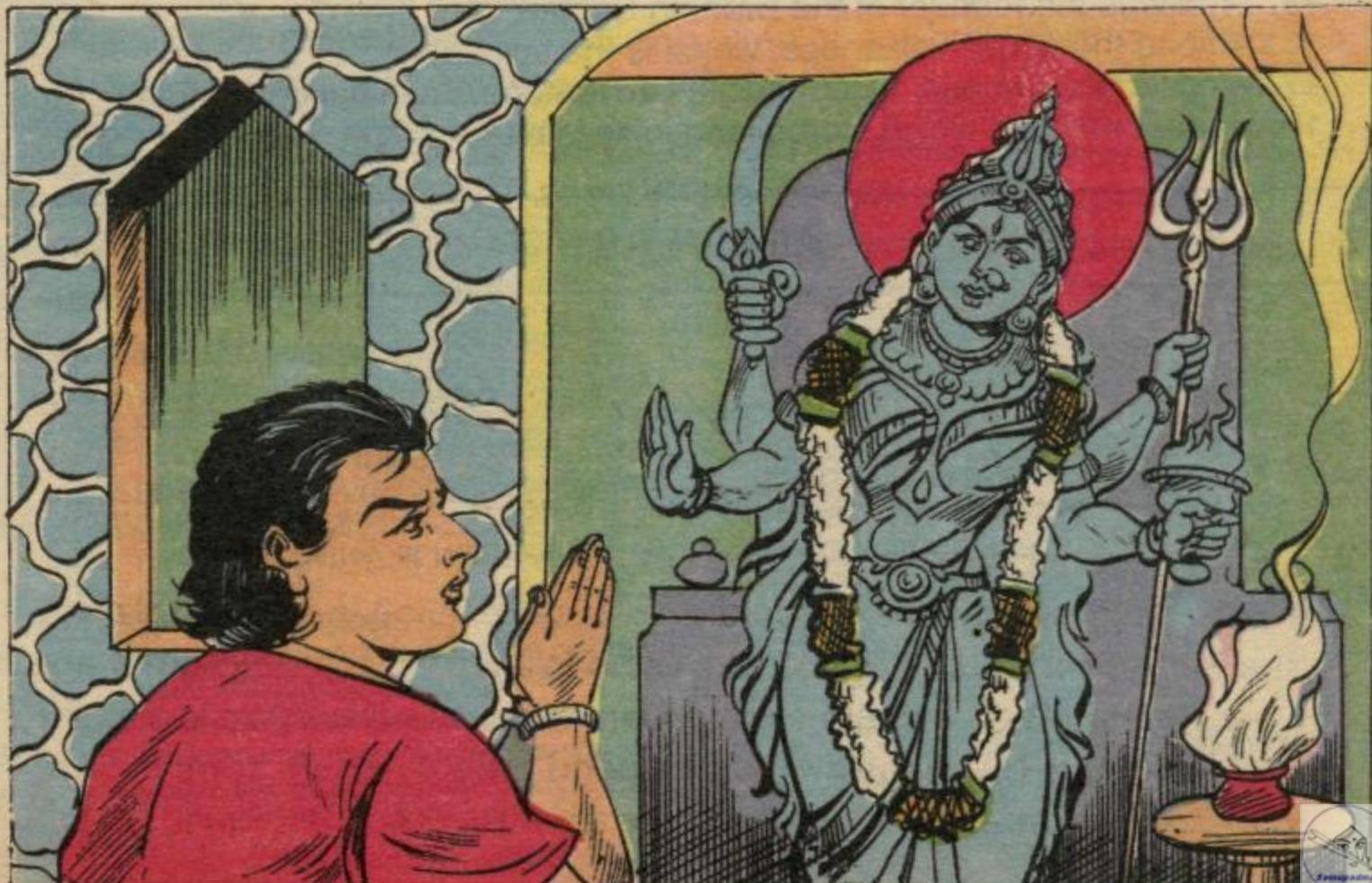
life.

The Mother goddess prevented him from doing so, by blessing him with instant genius.

This is how, out of a simpleton emerged one of the greatest poets of the world.

His works include two epics, *Raghu vamsam* and *Kumarasambhavam*, three plays, *Vikramorvasiyam*, *Malavikagnimitram* and *Abhijnana Shakuntalam*. Two other poetic works are *Meghadutam* and *Ritusamharam*.

Kalidasa's influence on Indian literature is too deep to be measured.



DO YOU KNOW?

- What is the name of the space rocket made in India? When was it first launched? From where?
- How many kinds of snakes are there?
- What is Porbandar, in Gujarat, famous as?
- Name the first British Prime Minister.
- Where will you find the longest temple corridor in India?
- Who invented the telescope? When?
- For botanical purposes, India has been divided into eight regions. Which are they?
- For which game is the Merdeka Cup given as the trophy?
- When was India's first 5-year-Plan launched?
- What is the name of the first three-dimensional film produced in India? In which year?
- An Irish woman supported India's freedom movement. Who was she?
- When did airmail service start in India?
- Who is known as "the Flying Sikh"?
- Who was the first Speaker of the Lok Sabha?
- Who was the founder of the Brahmo Samaj?
- Among the active volcanoes, which is the tallest?
- Who led the famous "Ocean to sky" adventurous expedition in India?
- Name one plant which stores food in its leaves.

ANSWERS

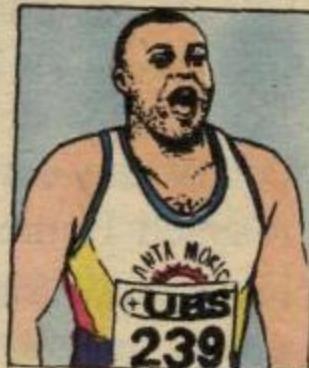
- Rohini was launched from Thumba, near Trivandrum, in Kerala, on November 20, 1967. More than 2,000 varieties of snakes have been individually identified.
- It is the birthplace of Mahatma Gandhi. Sir Robert Wallpole.
- Ramsewaram
- Hans Lipperhey of Netherlands, on October 2, 1608.
- Dhaka, Malabar, Indus Plain, Gangetic Plain, Assam, Eastern Himalayas, Western Himalayas, Andamans.
- Football - in which only teams from Asian countries participate.
- G.V. Malankar, from 1952 to 1956.
- Raja Ram Mohun Roy.
- Autofalla in Argentina is 6,450 metres high.
- Malvankar, from 1952 to 1956.
- Olympics in 1960.
- Fourth in the 400 metres race in the Rome Olympics in 1960.
- Milkha Singh, who came fourth in the 400 metres race in the Rome Olympics in 1960.
- In 1911.
- Annlie Besant.
- India's athlete Milkha Singh, who came fourth in the 400 metres race in the Rome Olympics in 1960.
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- Milkha Singh, who came fourth in the 400 metres race in the Rome Olympics in 1960.
- In 1951.
- "My dear Kutti chathran" in Malayalam. In 1984.
- "My dear Kutti chathran" in Malayalam. In 1984.
- In 1951.
11. Annie Besant.
12. In 1911.
13. India's athlete Milkha Singh, who came fourth in the 400 metres race in the Rome Olympics in 1960.
14. G.V. Malvankar, from 1952 to 1956.
15. Raja Ram Mohun Roy.
16. Autofalla in Argentina is 6,450 metres high.
17. Sir Edmund Hillary.
18. Cabbage.



SPORTS SNIPPETS

Best of 1994

Champion U.S. sprinter, Leroy Burrell, and ski-ing ace, Manuela di Centa, of Italy, have been adjudged the best athletes of 1994. They were chosen by Italy's largest sports daily. You may recall that Burrell clocked 9.85 seconds in the 100 metre dash at Lausanne last July (see *Chandamama*, October 1994). In the voting by the readers of *Gazzetta Dello Sport*, the sprinter got 504 points among men athletes. Among women, Di Centa received 607 points. She had won five gold



medals in women's cross-country at the Winter Olympics at Lillehammer. Among teams, Brazil, who defeated Italy in the World Cup Football final, was given 288 points to top that category. Meanwhile, the French daily, *L'Equipe*, named Brazil's striker Romario as the 'Sportsman of the year'. He played an influential role in the country's triumph in the World Cup. Among the top money-earners are the ace basketball player (now retired)

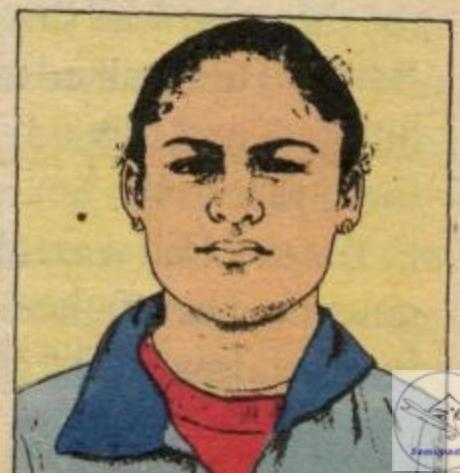


Michael Jordan, of the U.S.A., and the German tennis star Steffi Graf, currently world number one among women players. Jordan's earnings totalled more than 30,000,000 dollars (he had earned 6 million more in 1993), while Graf collected 8,000,000 dollars.

The ratings were made by the American magazine, *Forbes*.

Silver turns Gold

At the World Weightlifting Championship in Turkey's capital, Istanbul, in November, India's 19-year-old K. Malleshwari, of Andhra Pradesh, had won two silver medals in clean-and-jerk and in total – in both of which China's Wang Sheng was awarded gold. But the Chinese lifter tested positive for drugs and so, the International Weightlifting Federation decided to award gold to Malleshwari. She thus created history by being the first Indian to win two gold medals in the World Championship.



ADVENTURES OF THE SUPER SIX

out of the coach as soon as they reached Barney Hill. It was a big house, and they knew which room to go to, where the study was, and where they had to dine, because they had visited this place from the time they were just little children. Mrs. Marian, the housekeeper, invited them inside and told them that the children were in the study and would meet them in a few minutes. Lucy, the smallest, who was six years, shouted and looked around and said, "Oh! It's just the way it used to be. I think it's even more beautiful". Tom, who was eleven, came close to the window where Lucy was standing. He too loved the green scenery which he could see from the window. "Now let's go. Here comes Maggie and Peter," said John, who was thirteen. The children smiled and hugged each other.

"Oh! It has been a long time, hasn't it, since we met?" said Maggie. She was the eldest in her family. She was twelve years old. Peter was



One bright Monday morning, John, Tom and Lucy, woke up to see the lovely sunrise from the big window in their room upstairs. They were planning to go and visit their cousins Ann, Peter, and Maggie and the little monkey, Kimino, which Peter had kept as a pet. The children were very adventurous and always loved to go and 'play detective'. As the three, now all dressed up to go to Barney Hill, walked out, their mother hugged and kissed them and bid them farewell.

Barney Hill was the house of their cousins. Their father, Mr. Jason Hill, was a widower. The children stepped



eleven years old, just like Tom. Ann came in. She was ten years old and was always made fun of by her brother, Peter.

"Let's get ready and go. We have to go to Simmons Lake. Don't you all know about it?" said Ann.

Peter laughed at her and said, "Of course, my dear."

Ann grimaced and Maggie told the others about the trip. "We're going to a place called Simmons Lake. Father has to do a little work on the land by the side of it; now that he's going, we can go with him, too."

"Oh, that's lovely, Maggie," said Lucy. She came close to the older girl and caught her hand. "But are we going now?" she asked.

"Yes, we've to be ready by five tomorrow."

They moved out of the house and walked on the green pasture. It was so lovely to do so. Later that day, they had their supper and went to bed. Next morning, preparations were made and Ann and Maggie were the ones who were given the job of collecting food, while Tom and John helped with Lucy's packing. Peter wanted to do everything by himself.

At 15 minutes to five, the car was



filled with foodstuff and clothes and some woollens in case it was cold out at the Lake. The children were all ready to go, and so was Mr. Hill. "Get in, all of you. I'm going to pull the car out of the drive."

The sun was shining brightly when they reached the Lake. It was very beautiful, and the water glittered in the sunlight. "What a beautiful scenery this will make," said Tom and John at the same time, and then all the children started laughing. Mr. Hill pulled up the car to a halt outside an old house, quite near the Lake. The children came out of the car. Tom had his glasses on, al-





though he was too shy to wear them. He had put them on now after he had a shout from John. Peter had Kimino on his shoulders. They went into the house, and as they stepped into an old hall with a fireplace and sofas, Lucy said, "A fireplace? Why do we need the fireplace?"

Mr. Hill told her to keep quiet and that it was the only place available to stay and the only one near the Lake.

An old man came in with a dog. He was very stern-looking and looked very rude. This worried the children a little, and Lucy moved closer to Ann. "Well, Mr. Cane, this is the place where we're going to

stay, isn't it?" asked Mr. Hill.

Mr. Cane gave an odd sigh and said, "Yes, this is it."

Later, when the children were in their rooms upstairs, the girls in one room and the boys in another, Ann was restless and went to look at the Lake which could be seen from the window near her bed. "What's the matter, Ann?" said Maggie.

"Oh, nothing, just that there is something weird going on in that Lake," said Maggie.

"Yes, I know, but somehow when I went to fetch Kimino in the evening, as he ran to the Lake, I heard two people talking behind a bush. I could not see them, but they were talking about the Lake and about some secret atomic project," said Ann.

"Maybe it was just a stupid prank," said Maggie.

There was a knock on the door. It was Mr. Hill. "Now, why aren't you all yet asleep?" questioned Mr. Hill. Ann ran to her papa, kissed him, and said 'good night' and went back to bed.

Next morning, as their father had planned to go to the Lake, the children also wanted to go, so he told them they could come but only if they would stay away from the water and from the woods nearby and



keep to his side. The boys went fishing with Mr. Cane, while an old lady who was Mr. Cane's aunt stayed with the girls as they walked on the pasture. Mr. Hill was a scientist and this was what Ann was wondering about, when she was knocked on the head by a pebble and turned to see a boy standing behind her, with dirty clothes on. "Who are you?" she asked. "Where are Maggie and Lucy?"

"We're here," cried Maggie, followed by Lucy. "Mrs. Wilson has gone to do some errands, and so we're to be with her grandson, Harald."

"Oh, is that so? But why did he hit me with a pebble?"

"That is his way of saying hello".

"No, my name is Harrold." He came closer and shook hands with Ann.

The rest of the day was spent by Harrold showing the way around the Lake and other parts of the land near the Lake. He was a great stubborn brat. That was what Mrs. Wilson called him. That evening, Ann and Maggie were walking down the sides of the house, when Maggie spotted a piece of paper in which was written:

"COME TO THE LAKE WITH



SAP. TEST TO BE DONE. 9 FINISHED. 1 LEFT. COME QUICK
09-10-81".

"Ann, what's this?" Maggie said in an alarming voice.

"I don't know. Let's go and ask the others".

They pushed into the boys' room. Peter was already fast asleep, and they did not want to disturb him. "What's that?" cried John.

"We found it outside the house," said Ann.

John, who knew a little detective work, said, "It seems like some secret message, don't you think so?" he asked Tom.





Tom smiled his adventurous smile. "Yes, I think so, too".

"Oh, cut it out, you two. Tell us the truth," said the girls.

"That is the truth."

The girls were silent for a while. Then Maggie told them about the conversation she had listened to near the bushes. "Hey! I know we can do some detective work. Maybe it will be exciting", said Tom.

John looked at the scrap of paper once again. "Look, this must be the date for whatever mission is going to happen, i.e., 9.10.81". It was the next day, Wednesday. "We'll go to the Lake when it's dark tomorrow. Is

everyone ready?"

"Yes," agreed the girls, and so did the boys.

The next day passed the same way. The boys went fishing, but the girls were so excited that they told Harrold about it, too.

"No, me do not know about it, but me see men in the night coming here".

"What men?" asked Maggie.

"Oh, big men, three/four all together. They come here and go back at dawn."

That evening, the children, now including Lucy, walked down the road to the Lake after supper and after their father had seen them lying asleep on their beds. They stopped when they saw two cars going in the direction of the Lake. "What's that?" cried Lucy.

"Silence. We should not make any noise," said John.

They reached the Lake and saw a sight which could make millions of people yell. It was a kind of marine machine in the Lake, and there were the army squads and some men dressed in fine clothes coming out of their cars. "What's going on? Are these people trying to rob some machines from the Army base? Or are they spies?"

The children remained stunned, with their hearts beating quickly. Suddenly Lucy yelled, and the light from one of the torches the men were holding fell on top of the children. John started running for help, and so did the others.

The next morning, after breakfast, the children told Mr. Hill about the marine machine and about the great escape. He phoned the police, and in the evening, the police caught the thieves and the children were praised for their bravery.

A few days later...

"Oh my! What a lovely day," said Lucy, as she sat on the big sofa in the drawing room in her cousins' home. Tom and John had come home from their boarding school and were to be there at any time. Peter was sitting just opposite Lucy. He was showing her some pictures of his father, Mr. Jason Hill's inventions. Maggie and Ann came running in and sat down to look at the pictures.

"You know something? Dad is planning to take us to one of his places where he does his programming with his inventions. Would you and the others like to come too?" asked Maggie.

"I sure do like to come, and I think they will, too," said Lucy.



Mr. Hill came out from the study and wished the children 'good morning'. "We must be on our way to Kipps Island," he said.

"Kipps Island! That's where we're going?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, indeed," said Maggie.

Tom and John soon joined them, and off they were to Kipps Island. It took them two hours to reach Kipps Island in the steamer Mr. Hill had hired to take them there. After they reached Kipps Island, they were taken to a big house in a car. Mr. Hill said that he had to go and would see the children later. Tom, John, and Peter were given one room, and



Lucy, Ann and Maggie were given another. Kimino was not taken this time, because Peter's pet was sometimes very mischievous.

That night, after dinner, the children wanted to go for an outing and were allowed to do so. Mr. Hill strictly told them not to wander too far. As the children walked down, they saw a tall tower. It was well built, but was quite old. The children were very adventurous and so wanted to investigate. Once they reached the top part of the tall tower, Maggie saw a strange sight. Even in the moonlight, she could see someone walking into their house in which they were staying. She knew that her father was not anywhere around, but was in the laboratory, and so she was suspicious. No one lived there with them, except an old lady called Mrs. Hannah. She told this to the others, and when they saw the house and the place where Maggie had pointed, they saw no one. But they planned to go and investigate the house. "I'm sure I saw someone, but how could anyone enter the house when the keys are with Mrs. Hannah? I think we should better investigate," said Tom. So they went and slowly crept into the house.

They searched high and low, and finally found some footprints in the garden and followed them into the house and into Mr. Hill's laboratory where they saw him standing with his head against the wall and a man holding a gun to his head. Lucy was about to hit him, when Maggie told her to stay quiet. The man was old and weird-looking. "I've waited for a long time for this day, Jason. Give me the formula."

Tom ran to call the police and the man was soon arrested.

Mr. Hill told the children that he was inventing a formula that would change man's life on earth. It was a formula of a preparation with some acids which could destroy the whole world by the press of a button and that he had by sheer coincidence found it out when he was conducting one of his experiments, and also that Mrs. Hannah was the old man's aunt and had given him the keys to the house. The man, Bill, who wanted the formula, was a terrorist and needed the formula very badly.

Mr. Hill told the police about the children's bravery, and they were rewarded.





LET US KNOW

Who sent the first X'mas card to whom?

— **Malati Goswami, Howrah**

J.C. Horsley, of England, got 1,000 cards printed, with the picture of a family party and the words "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you" below the picture, and sent the first card to his friend, Sir Henry Cole. This was in 1843. By the way, the word Xmas is correctly written *without* an apostrophe between X and m.

Why is it called 'shorthand'? What is its origin?

— **Subhash Pillai, Trivandrum**

The famous Roman orator, Cicero, had a Greek secretary called Tiro, who used to keep a record of his speeches. He would use certain symbols to represent words, phrases, and full-length sentences and was thus able to "take down" the speeches, or at least most of it. In 1588, Dr. Timothy Bright of England brought out a book showing symbols that can take the place of letters and words. These symbols were later modified by Pitman (in 1837) and Gregg, who perfected the system now known as shorthand, as distinct from long hand writing.

What is 'iron lung'?

— **Arvind Marathe, Nagpur**

This is a device which helps people, whose lungs are paralysed by disease or accident, to breathe without strain. It is a tube on wheels. This life-saving apparatus runs on electricity, but can also be manually operated. It was invented by Philip Drinker of Harvard, U.S.A.

Say "Hello" to text books and friends
'Cause School days are here again
Have a great year and all the best
From Wobbit, Coon and the rest!





THE
C H A N D A M A M A
C O L L E C T I O N

It's time to go back to school again. Time for text books. Time for games. Time to meet old friends. And make new ones. Time to start studying again. Because there's so much to learn about the world around you.

From all of us here at Chandamama, have a great year in school. And remember to tell us what you've learnt everyday, when you come home from school !

SUPER
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PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Devidas Kasbekar



B.V. Ravichandran

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by the 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for December '94 goes to :-

Kum. G. Lakshmi Sumalata,
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Warangal - 506 002 (A.P.)

The winning entry : "SWEET MEMORIES" "SWEET MOMENTS"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

It is not by the grey of the hair that one knows the age of the heart.

— Bulver

Modesty is the clothing of talent.

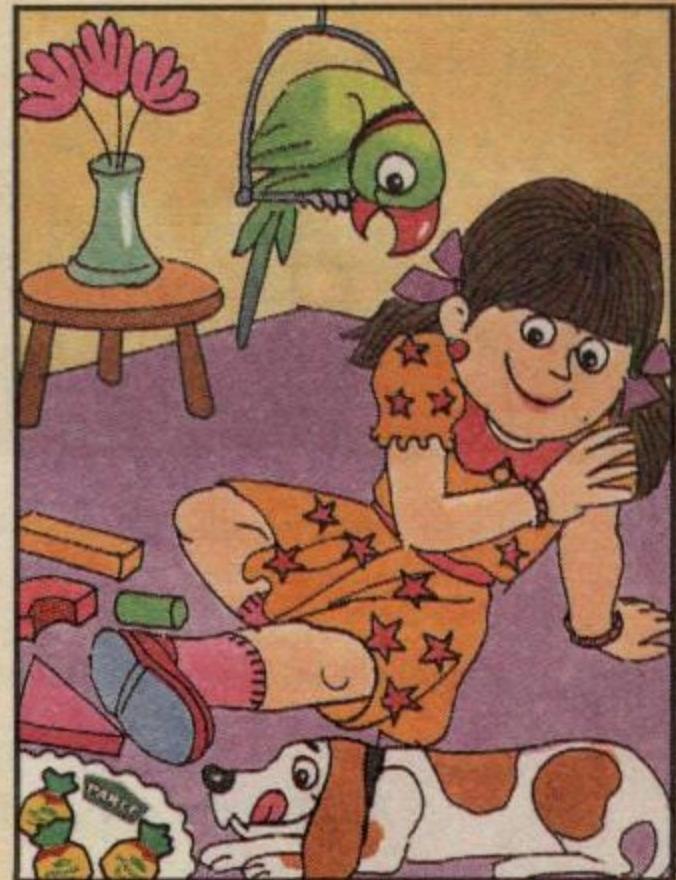
— Pierre Vernon

Suffering is common to all ; life is a wheel; and good fortune is unstable.

— Phocvlide



SPOT THE 10 DIFFERENCES



- Answers
1. The number of petals in the flowers are more.
 2. The parrot's beak is open.
 3. The parrot has a red stripe around its neck.
 4. The girl's eyes are open.
 5. The girl is smiling.
 6. There are stars pasted on her rock.
 7. The girl's bangle is slidden with gems.
 8. The dog's tongue is hanging out.
 9. The plate has Parle name on it.
 10. There are Mango Bites kept in the plate.

PARLE
mango
bite



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